Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE. NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

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S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

The Key-note of the Season's Work.

The winter, with its grand opportunities for thought, study, and the intellectual practice and enjoyment to farmers which it brought, and which in recent years has been so largely improved in this way by them—has passed away. The meetings of farmers' clubs, associations and conventions have been well attended, and the agricultural journals and reports have been well studied. And it has been interesting to see the attendance of prominent farmers from distant and different parts of the State, at the leading agricultural conventions and meetings that have been held during the winter; and to note the good part they have taken in not only listening, but in speaking at these meetings. Verily, we never used to see it after this fashion a dozen years ago! There is improvement; there is progress—and as the years go on, we shall see better actual results of progress upon the farm, in consequence of this greater attention to the cultivation and use of the intellectual powers of our farmers. While the latter can be attended to in winter, its good results are seen when the farmer comes face to face with the practical work of his farm, and puts into operation in the performance of his season's labor, the results of his thought and study.

The time has again arrived when this is to be done. The work of another seed-time is rapidly approaching, and the questions that present themselves to the farmer are: "What shall I do this year; what have I learned during the readings and discussions of the past winter; shall I pursue the same course as formerly, and if not what change shall I make, and how shall I make it?" Now these are old questions—they have been asked over and over again, and have been presented to the attention of our farmers at the right time, year after year. And yet year after year they present themselves, and demand an answer; that answer ought to be given squarely and positively this very month—crystalized into efforts put forth in the right direction to accomplish something! Have farmers learned nothing by attending these meetings and discussions, by hearing the lectures of men skilled in the science of agriculture, by studying the best books on farming? Are they still in doubt what to do, which speaker to follow, which course to adopt? While the sun is spanning the heavens in a higher circle with each revolution of the earth, and while the forces of nature are preparing the earth for the farmer to do his part—will he wait and waver and consider what he will do, and then when he finds he must do something, drop back into the old way and do no better or no different from what he has been doing? And if he is to do this, what need of reading or study; what need of going fifty miles to hear wise speaking from thoughtful men, on experimental farming, men who by farming have made money, and who can show that others may do the same? What need of trying to hoist one's self out of the ruts?

It seems to us that the one great lesson which should have been learned by every one present at our meetings the past winter, or by those farmers who have any desire to farm at a greater profit and a smaller loss—was the one lesson of adaptation; of doing that which a man can do best, of judging from his surroundings, his location to market, his soil, his capital, his own skill in a certain direction—which line of farming he can best perform, and then determine to *do that one thing*. And it has been from want of adaptation, from want of regulating means to ends, efforts to the accomplishment of certain objects—that we have seen so much aimless farming in the past, and that even now, we see so many farmers who are half decided whether to do this or that. Let this halting between two opinions be put an end to, and let ADAPTATION be the key note to the season's labors!

The Incoming Wheat Crop.

We have been favored with advance sheets of the Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture for April, which gives the returns from all parts of the country on the condition of the wheat crop, both winter and spring, which represent the same as more generally promising than at this period for several years past. The influence of sudden alternations of temperature, and of cold and drying winds, during the month past, has been almost the only drawback to the uniformity of vitality and higher condition of the wheat-plant in every section of the country. The winter has been so remarkably mild in the South, with almost entire absence of injurious changes of temperature, that the returns from Virginia to Texas are nearly unanimous in ascribing either average vigor or luxuriant growth to the wheat-area. In about one-fourth of the counties in the Ohio Valley an unpromising appearance is reported, while a majority represent in various terms a condition above an average. From Missouri and Kansas still fewer unfavorable returns have been received. Considerable space in the report is devoted to a consideration of the advantages of drilling over broadcast sowing, the statements being based upon returns made in answer to queries sent out for the purpose of obtaining information upon this point. The summary of conclusions drawn from these returns, is so instructive and seems so worthy of attention that we present it in full:

1. Fifty-two per cent. of the winter wheat, or about forty per cent. of the aggregate of both kinds, represent the proportion seeded with a drill.

2. Nine-tenths of the testimony given, asserts the superiority of the drill for winter wheat.

3. An average increase of one-tenth in the yield is assured by the use of the drill.

4. A large majority of observers declare that in most soils in which injury resulting from frost is liable to occur, drilling prevents or reduces the loss.

5. The majority assert that in certain clay soils with rolling surfaces, some advantage accrues in surface-drainage by use of the drill; while in some heavy soils with flat surfaces the water freezing in the drill furrow does positive injury.

6. The broadcast seeder predominates in spring wheat regions, because better adapted than the drill to seeding in unplowed corn fields, on rough surfaces, and in weedy fields.

7. About one-sixth of the seed wheat (or 5,000,000 bushels for the crop) might be saved by the exclusive use of the drill.

8. The drill is used for seeding in connection with thorough culture, especially in winter wheat growing; the broadcast seeder for imperfect culture and rough surfaces; and sowing by hand is the method adopted for small patches and first efforts of *im pecunious* pioneers.

Manufactured Butter.

It is said that the manufacture of artificial butter has already been carried to such an extent in certain sections of the country, that the eating-houses and second class hotels in our large cities are now quite largely, if not entirely, supplied with this artificial butter, or as it is technically known, oleomangarine. How much the extension of cheese factories and the increased attention that has of late years been given to this branch of dairying, may have had to do with bringing about the demand for this sort of "stuff," we cannot tell; it is enough perhaps to know that it is being largely manufactured in some sections of our country—a fact which of course shows a demand for it, and that is sold and consumed as "butter." It is said that a production similar to that produced here as oleomangarine, has long been known in Europe, where it is sold on its own merits, but at a low price—and is not sold as butter. It is manufactured from suet or tallow, by a process which is quite simple, but which has never yet been fully explained. The New York Butter and Cheese Exchange has recently investigated this matter and published a report in which they say that the least attempt on the part of merchants or dairymen to adulterate butter with any foreign fat or grease whatever, would throw a shade of suspicion over the whole season's produce of the genuine article, and hence materially injure its value in the market, especially for exportation. The Committee of this exchange say that if the article known as oleomangarine be manufactured and sold as such no evil can result to the public; but, in view of the injury to trade that would follow any attempted substitution of the artificial for the genuine article, it is recommended that, while experiments, inventions or applications of skill for the production of a pure article should be encouraged, any process of adulteration or deterioration must be condemned. We are informed that it is very easy to detect this "manufactured" butter, by placing a small piece of it on the roof of the mouth, when it will adhere thereto, as tallow or suet is known to do—pure butter melting and dissolving in the mouth when placed in the same position.

"By Telegraph."

During the season upon which we are now entering, we desire to keep up telegraphic communication, so to speak, with every reader of the FARMER, with every active, progressive laborer, and with every farmers' club, grange or association of whatever name, which has for its object the advancement and improvement of agriculture and the elevation of the farmer and mechanic. Our columns are always open, and we invite from our readers and subscribers, those who may have previously written to us, and those who have not—all items of agricultural news that will be of interest or profit to our large circle of readers. As a sort of indicator to what we would especially like to have our correspondents keep us advised of; we would say, that all accounts of the wea her and season, its prospects and comparisons with previous years; the prices of farm labor, and its scarcity or abundance in different localities; the condition of the growing crops in their season with the breadth of land sown or planted to certain crops as compared with previous years; the sales of thoroughbred stock, or nice horses or colts with their purchasers and prices paid, if desired to be made public; the organization of new cheese factory companies, and the time of starting up the old ones; the organization of farmers' clubs, granges or associations;—these are some of the matters upon which we desire fresh and seasonable intelligence; and if our friends and readers have not time to give us long articles as they have had during the winter season—we trust they will send us items of agricultural news in accordance with the above outline; and if they have time, let them throw in a few items of experience or suggestions upon farm topics as they seem inclined. For all these things we here present in advance, our sincere thanks; and trust through the kindness of our friends to be kept in telegraphic communication with the farmers of Maine through the columns of the MAINE FARMER, and that by this means the farmers of Maine will also be kept in communication one with another. Our paper is emphatically the "Maine farmers' paper," and we desire their help, that we may make it more truly such a paper—one which no farmer of Maine can afford to do without.

Graduates of Agricultural Colleges.

Besides containing much that is of permanent value, the eleventh report of the Massachusetts Agricultural College for 1873, which has just been published, contains a list of all the past students of the college who have been connected with it either in the regular or special course, with their present residences and occupation so far as known. This list comprises two hundred and forty-three names, sixty of which are farmers. In addition to this, four of its graduates are now connected with the agricultural department of Japan, one is the editor of an agricultural paper, one an agricultural engineer, one the foreman of a nursery, and one State Inspector of Salt for the State of Michigan. Twenty-two are civil engineers, and fourteen mechanics and manufactures. So of the graduates who have left the college, seventy-four out of two hundred and forty-three, have entered the producing classes. The present number of students is one hundred and thirty-nine.

A Primitive Plow.

Our illustration this week, represents the style of plow still in use in Mexico, a country where agriculture is in a very low condition. And it is an interesting fact that the steady progress of agriculture by a nation, from its first rude beginnings to its most advanced state of perfection, may be traced in the successive stages of improvements made in the plows in use at different periods. In the early times, and in those countries at the present day, where agriculture takes low rank, the plow is an unwieldly, bungling implement; doing imperfect work at an excessive waste of power. Where the operations of agriculture are guided by knowledge and where study and thought have produced better implements, there we see the perfect plow, doing perfect work of its kind, and being drawn with the least possible outlay of physical force. "God speed the Plow."

☞ The pamphlet list of premiums for the Maine Poultry Association's exhibition having been printed, Mr. Fred Atwood of Winterport, the enterprising dealer in farming implements, announces that he will give a Silver Eagle Plow, of the value of $14.75 for the best collection of pure bred fowls raised the season of 1874 by the exhibitor. This affords an opportunity to get a good plow very cheap.

Editorial Notes.

The daily papers contain occasional items in regard to the pending negotiations for the holding of the next State Fair, and the prospects of the New England Fair being held in Maine—but we have made no allusion to the matter from the fact that no definite action has yet been taken, and until such action is made public and the proper announcements put forth, we do not feel like giving currency to flying reports. We understand however, that movements are on foot, looking to a union of our breeders and others interested in the management of different associations, in one common effort for the interests of stock breeding and farming in Maine, that we may present an unbroken front to our New England friends should they decide to hold their fall meeting in this State. We trust a consummation so much to be desired by all good farmers, will certainly be brought about.

The article entitled "Smut in Grain" in our issue of April 25th, should have been credited to the *N. Y. Tribune*, instead of Prof. Brewer, for which journal it was especially prepared by the gentleman named. It was copied from an exchange with this credit, or would not have been so published by us. We read the excellent agricultural department of the *Tribune* with great care, and are always particular to give proper credit for each article copied into our paper from whatever source; and had this been taken direct from that journal it would have been so credited.

Could a portion of the amount expended in premiums by our county agricultural societies, be better expended than by offering liberal prizes for essays on agricultural subjects—giving preference to those treating of the local agricultural practices and capabilities of the several counties or districts represented by such societies? We think not, and make this suggestion for the consideration of managers of societies who are now about revising their premium lists.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Care of Stock.

I am so well satisfied with the appearance of my stock as the time draws near for it to be sent to pasture, I am induced to give you my method of care and feed, not that it is new or strange, but that my testimony may be added to that given by so many of our farmers and stock-growers, whose thrift and good management is doing so much to remove erroneous and unprofitable ideas.

In the first place let me say, that I have three important requisites—warm barns, good hay and pure water; the latter being in the yard and well sheltered by a commodious shed. The first visit to the barn in the morning generally finds my cattle all lying down, but as I pass along, raising and fastening the lower board in front of the crib, so as to shove under the hay, I speak to them in a pleasant tone, calling several by name, which brings all to their feet ready for the generous foddering they need. By this time the sheep are calling from their apartment, and after attending to their wants, I return to the barn, carefully remove all the manure made during the night, and by the time I get back to the house my own meal is nearly ready. I next water each animal, turning out first the oxen, then the cows, and lastly the young cattle, not allowing them to be out together, and taking pains to see that every one has an opportunity to drink. They are then fed, well littered with forest leaves, of which I obtain a good supply at the proper time in the fall. The sheep now have their regular supply of grain, some hay also thrown to them, and all are left till noon, unless I am working the oxen, in which case I change a little with them to suit the circumstances. At noon all have their allowance of hay, the droppings drawn back, the bedding equally distributed, and then left till nearly night, when they receive a slight feed, then are watered the same as in the morning. The manure is again thrown out, a fresh supply of bedding furnished and the final foddering given, they are left to their own pleasure and enjoyment, stepping in, however, just before bedtime to see that everything is all right. I must not omit to add that each animal receives a thorough carding every day, which they seem to enjoy as much as a well-bred man does his bath, comb and brush. Cows in milk have also extra feed given at milking time, and all receive two or three times a week a generous supply of roots, mangolds being the best, although rutabagas and potatoes give good results.

Now, as I intimated at first, I am well satisfied with the trouble I have been to, for my steers have gained steadily in girth all winter, and are sleek and clean; the cows have taken on a good amount of flesh which will be returned to me during the summer in the form of milk and butter; the young cattle have grown well and are in good condition to turn out, while the sheep have good, compact fleeces, and their lambs dropped early in March are plump and fat, the butchers already having an eye out for some of them that will be fit for market by shearing time.

Some object to the long, tedious winters of our climate, but with the agreeable employment at the barn, added to the other usual labors of the common farmer, spiced with a generous supply of reading matter to occupy the leisure time, I can say that the six months confinement has been not only profitable, but enjoyable.

Franklin Co., May 1st. ☞

For the Maine Farmer.

The Patrons of Husbandry.

As there is a great interest felt among the farmers of Maine at the present time to learn the objects and aims of the order known as Patrons of Husbandry, it might be well to note some of its features. Its remarkable growth in the West is known to all, and its progress in this State within the last two months is very satisfactory to all that have aided in its advancement. Already we have a State Grange with eighteen subordinate granges. Its primary object is to elevate the farmer and his family socially and mentally; to give him views of his calling that shall cause him to pursue it with pride, and with a consciousness that he is filling the highest position in society, when he is doing his best to improve and develope the resources of the soil. The secret work of the order is designed to call forth and put in practice all that is pure and noble in human nature. Religious topics are not discussed in its meetings, but its moral tone is of the highest type. Political discussions are also prohibited, but it cannot fail to purge and purify our politics by uniting laboring men in one band of brotherhood; party spirit will, to a great extent, die out as it already has in some of the agricultural regions of the country, while its nationality will unite the different sections of the country.

The Patrons seek a more progressive and better system of agriculture. They favor all enterprises that shall benefit the country, but will stand ready to tread with an iron heel on all that is unjust and oppressive. They will claim for labor its just reward, and will regard those highest who have done the most for manhood, rather than those that have done the most for themselves. The Patrons will seek, as far as practicable, to bring the producer to the door of the consumer, and thereby do away with a large number of agents and drummers—not because they dislike them, but because they have no use for them. These are some of the leading objects of the order, and the causes that have called it into existence and action are patent to all reflecting minds. We are aware that there are those who have no sympathy for the movement; but as its principles are founded upon the rock of eternal right, as long as its principles are adhered to, we believe the organization will be a power for good to all mankind.

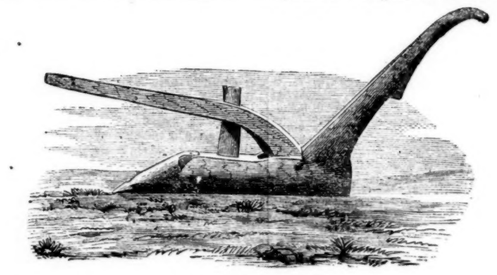
Brunswick. H. L.

For the Maine Farmer.

Grapes in Maine.—No. 2.

Fifty Years' Personal Experience.

Some years since—November, 1850—I wrote briefly to my old friend, Dr. Holmes, of the MAINE FARMER, an account of my success in growing large crops of the Isabella Grape, and ripening them very perfectly, which article was copied into Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture, of Dec., 1850, and commended by him, for which he was at once called to account by his horticultural friends quite sharply, as "practicing one thing and recommending its opposite." But we all survived, especially the grapes, to this day. Other papers of mine appeared in the same Magazine in 1851 and 1853, fully illustrated, and my facts therein gathered together remain uncontested to this day. Mr. William Gore, of Freeport, at the same time had equal success with essentially the same treatment, finding out the way as I did, and raising very fine fruit. These papers, after twenty years more of experience, I would scarcely alter one jot. Why should I? It still bears with me the same large weight of fruit—six times as much as can be got from it possibly by any system of *close* pruning in *summer* that I know of. The wire trellis and upright bearers look nice on paper, I know, and will do for a vineyard, (so will stakes, at one tenth the cost) but no *large* crop follows either plan.



A MODERN MEXICAN PLOW.

Whoever has plenty of time to quiddle over a large, robust growing vine and check it daily for sake of symmetry, standing on high steps and tying square knots by the thousand, with the privilege of cleaning off the whole in the fall, only to be renewed annually; may get as large a crop as I do—but I would rather once see it done.

I name the Isabella as the type of a hearty growing class of vines—Concord, Diana, Hartford, Clinton, Eumelan, Union Village and such like, to all of which I should give the same treatment — *plenty of room and good length to all fruit bearing shoots, nipping them only when the fruit has got through the stoning process and begins to swell up to color, and not then* unless the foliage *is very dense* and the shoots *troublesome*. This is exactly the point offered Mr. Hovey twenty years ago. If you want stinted growth, mildewed, aphis-covered leaves, rusty foliage and frosted fruit, try the opposite, and generally get it.

I believe that, intent alone on the *top* of the vine and anxious to do something more, or *new* at least, to make the vine do its utmost, we have entirely forgotten its *root;* which in this cold climate is not enjoying that degree of warmth necessary to an early and prompt response to the swelling buds of the vine. After the flower buds appear, who has not noticed how long they linger before opening if the ground is cold, however warm the air may be? They wait for the roots to "discount," which can't be done till the soil is warmed up deep, and this seldom happens before the first of June, (and often the last) so that a fortnight at least of great value to the grape is lost beyond recovery. We cannot take too much pains to insure this early warmth in planting.

Most people say, "dig a hole four feet across and three feet deep," which is to be filled with rocks, or "drainage," as it is called, perhaps one-fourth; then fill up with a great variety of "doctor stuff" for the vine to riot in, &c., &c. Now I never set a tree or vine in a *deep hole dug for it down into a cold, hard, poor, poison subsoil.* This hole in the subsoil catches water and holds it like a cup, as any sexton well knows, and the steady evaporation therefrom keeps the whole cooled down below the healthy mark, and you will try in vain to warm up the roots as long as they are subjected to this ill-conditioned puddle. We dig no holes in the subsoil without digging a drain therefrom to let out the water, as carefully as if it was our cellar. We believe it is far better to dig only a foot in depth, especially if the ground has been underdrained or well subsoiled, and then set the vine only half that depth in planting, banking well up in the fall with light, rich earth, six inches in rear and three in front, for a border four feet wide, and keep this slope ever afterwards, adding annually an inch or two to the border and increasing its width, especially in front. Water must not stand on it at all; the slope must carry off all surplus.

My two large vines are growing on such a border, on clay loam soil, and not a thing has been given to enrich them for fourteen years but bone flour, wood ashes and soap-suds. Neither of them has any deep hole whatever, but each stands one foot perhaps above the surrounding grass plot. One has a stem 184 inches circumference four inches above the border, and yielded 89 lbs. of noble fruit last fall; the other, 16 inches around, bore 69 lbs. of equally good fruit, all of which was gathered Oct. 21st, 23d, 24th, 26th, selecting the ripest at each gathering: 158 lbs. from two vines fourteen years planted, equal in value to 15 bushels of corn or 250 lbs. of flour annually, and raised on 160 square feet of land, or the 270th part of an acre. The fruit keeps famously till April or May, as many of our neighbors well know—a plump, perfect bunch now lies before me. They can be kept till June.

These two vines have had a cold frame placed over the roots, a foot in front of their stems, in April, (10th, generally) covered with old sash, 12 feet long by 3 feet wide each, under which I grow cabbage, cauliflower, tomato, celery and pepper plants; first enriching the soil for that purpose, until transplanted in May (10th to 25th) as the season offers; keeping the glass there till June 10th or until the apple trees are out of blosson, removing only to air or admit warm rains. Since I have done this thing (three years) the fruit has ripened jet black, sweet and good, and the stems of the bunches ripen also; which they never did before. Both vines front south-west—have a miserable chance for sun, which does not shine on them till 9 o'clock, five hours after it has arisen. I think the "Iona," a splendid native grape, can be very thoroughly ripened and hastened by this cheap method.

As my first and *long* trial was with the Isabella, I have spoken of that variety wholly. I have all the "sensations" also—an hundred vines or more, doing well enough, I suppose, but none that grows so jolly and yields so heavily as this time-honored vine. The Diana comes next for thrift; Concord I banished years ago—its flavor I do not fancy, and it is not a minute ahead of Isabella; Hartford does well; Eumelan first rate; Delaware, the first fruit of all, hardy and healthy, but delicate in growth.

My next article will refer to my method of planting, training and covering ledges with vines, many of which I have in progress.

Wiscasset, April 24th. JUNIOR.

For the Maine Farmer.

Dairy Questions.

While Dr. Stutevant has given us most valuable information as regards the relative merits of the different dairy breeds, and while his advice, in the main, may be followed without hesitation by our cheese makers, still there are some points that he has made, that we should like to see explained.

In his lecture before the Vermont Dairymen's Association, he objects to the Jersey as a cheese maker, (and justly too, we think) but ranks her first as a butter maker. He also informs us that there is a butter and a cheese family among the Ayrshires. The butter family he reckons second to the Jerseys in value. As a cheese cow (we infer from his remarks) the Ayrshire has no equal. Yet, in an article in the *Country Gentleman*, (July 31st, 1873,) from his pen, "preeminence" is claimed for the Ayrshires over the Jersey, as a butter cow. In the same article he shows that the per centage of cream yielded by his herd is very large, larger even, he claims, than the Jersey.

In a recent communication to the MAINE FARMER the Doctor makes the statement that "The cheese factory does not desire a creamy milk." We suppose he intends to convey the idea that a butter cow is objectionable as a cheese maker. Now if we have given the right interpretation to his statements, why recommend the Ayrshire cow for the cheese factory? Is there not a fair probability in case of their adoption, that some of this "creamy milk" may find its way into the cheese vat? What assurance has the cheese maker, when he purchasers an Ayrshire, that he is not investing in butter? If a portion of the Ayrshire cream rises much more quickly than the Holstein and the latter is more readily mixed with the milk again by agitation, would not so much of the Holstein cream be retained in the cheese as of the Ayrshire? Will not the Holstein under favorable conditions produce a given amount of cheese at less cost than the Ayrshire? We think they so produce milk.

Should not a just estimate of the relative value of these breeds as cheese makers be rather based upon the amount of caseine than the variations in the butter, in their milk? Is it for the interest of the cheese factory patron to make use of the cow that "will average well for butter or cheese, or both"? Is not rather excellence in one branch preferable to mediocrity in several? If not, then had the farmer better go back to the "cow for all purposes." Then might special farming be sneered at with impunity as a "new fangled notion."

J. W. NORTH, JR, M. D.

East Jefferson.

For the Maine Farmer.

Maine or the West—Which?

Your correspondent "Auctor" in his communication in the FARMER under the caption "Stick to Maine" I find, on perusing, goes off on a tangent in a directly opposite direction from the heading of his article, and his statements in regard to the advantages enjoyed by the farmers of the west, over those residing in the east, will bear a little reviewing. In the first place he says, "for the last four seasons drouth after drouth is all we see." If such has been the case in *his locality* the farmers of Maine have not suffered for want of plenty to eat for themselves and their stock, and have not been obliged to solicit aid from other states to keep them from starvation as the farmers in some of the counties of Minnesota have been under the necessity of doing, whose crops were destroyed by grasshoppers last season. As for "almost giving away seventy five sheep, ten head of cattle and three good colts" I refer him to the prices of stock, published in the FARMER during the past four years, in comparison with the sales of some kinds of stock in the Western States. Auctor farther says "taking every thing into consideration there must be more money in the West than in the East." If such is the case why do the farmers of the West have to pay 24 per cent. annual interest for money—and why is Maine flooded with Western bonds issued for building school houses, county buildings, bridges and roads, which pay an interest of 12 per cent. or more? Why have our National and Savings Banks invested over ten million of dollars in Western bonds if there is more money in the West—and why do we see so many advertisements in our Maine newspapers offering good sureties on Western farms, with 12 per cent. interest? As for the yield of wheat, statistics show that Maine is fully up to the West in the production of that cereal per acre. Auctor says "you can get 60 bushels of wheat per acre (?) in the west." Maine farmers can harvest from 150 to 200 bushels of potatoes per acre and realize about as much cash per bushel as the Western farmers residing 25 miles or more from the grain markets can realize for their wheat, while three bushels of corn, in many parts of the West will bring no more cash than one bushel of potatoes in Maine. As for "grazing cattle from February to December in the West," it can be done in the sea board States if you can go as far south as the latitude of South Carolina, and accomplish the same thing in the West you must go to the southern limits of Kansas; and then in the spring your stock will resemble Pharoah's lean kine. If you will permit me to trespass a little farther on your columns I will tell Auctor a true and brief story. Some forty five years ago there resided in one of the interior towns in Maine a farmer having a family of four sons. Three of them when they became of age went to Ohio, while the youngest continued on the old farm at home. Previous to the youngest son becoming 21 years of age, his aged father, by unforeseen events, lost all his worldly possessions, and the youngest son from filial duty supported his aged parents during their remaining years. The three elder sons continued to reside on farms at the west, but were never able to clear off the mortgages with which their farms were encumbered, notwithstanding they have been assisted to the amount of over $2000 by their youngest brother who still resides at the old home in Maine. I would not have Auctor infer that all who emigrate to the West succeed no better than these brothers, but that equal industry and prudence will meet with as good reward in Maine as in the west. M. S. T.

For the Maine Farmer.

Results of Potato Experiments.

From the experiments made at the State College covering a period of four years, and one given by George Maw found in the report of the Board of Agriculture of 1868; also an experiment reported in the *New York Times*, the following conclusion may be drawn:

That large potatoes produce a greater net crop than small ones.

The seed end produces a few bushels the most to the acre.

It makes but little difference whether they are planted two or six inches deep, in yield or time of coming up.

When large potatoes are divided to the size of small ones, the yield is greater than the same weight of small.

It makes little difference whether the potato is cut or not, if the same weight is planted.

That it is better for large potatoes to be divided into four, and medium into two pieces.

Madison. G. O. W.

For the Maine Farmer.

Product of a Cow—White Weed.

I have a good cow, 6 years old this spring, a Jersey, which came from Capt. Ranlett of Framingham, Mass. She dropped her fourth calf March 1st, 1873. I let it have all the milk it wanted for 10 weeks during which time she made 60 lbs. of butter, besides using one quart a day in the family. This spring, she calved March 24. I sold the calf for veal for $9; and churned 10 lbs. of butter, (using one quart per day,) in seven days. Since selling the calf she has made 14 lbs. of butter a week, and gives from 13 to 14 quarts of milk per day. She was dry 3 weeks. She was giving three quarts per day, four weeks before calving. Her feed is one quart Indian meal, 2 quarts fine feed mixed thin, morning and night; and as much hay as she will eat up clean. The hay she has eaten has been mostly white weed, which I have read about in your paper of late. We cut a large amout of it, in our old fields and I think it makes good hay when cut early. We have no trouble in getting rid of it by plowing and reseeding. LEANDER S. ROBINSON.

Warren.

For the Maine Farmer.

Fixed Facts in Farming.

More Questions.

Being one of that class of farmers who work by guess and live hoping to learn, I was very glad to see in the FARMER of some weeks since that your correspondent, "G. W. G.," was able to state some fixed facts in regard to the business, and I asked a few questions, hoping to get more information on some of the subjects which he mentioned. But his reply did not satisfy me so well as I hoped, and, though I do not wish to continue the controversy for sake of argument, I would like to ask a few more questions, as some of the subjects are of interest to many.

In his first "fact" he gives us to understand that New England cannot compete with the great West in growing grain and beef, and that the West cannot furnish her own butter, cheese and apples. And in reply to my inquiry why the West could not produce dairy products if they excel in beef, he says it is "because the grass is adapted to beef, but is not the right kind to make butter and cheese." Though this was stated as a fact, I have been looking for evidence elsewhere. I find in Johnston's Agricultural Chemistry, page 507, these statements: "The proportion of butter is increased by the use of food which contains much fatty matter—of any of those kinds of food indeed by which an ox can be made rapidly to lay on fat." And in the next paragraph, speaking of cheese: "As every thing which tends to lay on fat on the animal is likely to increase the proportionary butter in the milk, so every thing which promotes the growth of muscle will also add to the richness of the milk in curd or cheese."

Now if Western pastures are good for beef, or even for the bone and muscle, and if shorts will increase the flow of Milk and corn-meal add to its richness, as seems to be the universal belief among dairymen—why cannot dairying be carried on as well where shorts can be had for $15.00 per ton and corn 40 cents per bushel, as where the articles cost double these prices? Hon. X. A. Willard, in a late number of the *Rural New Yorker*, gives us to understand that good butter and cheese are made on a variety of soils in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and the Canadas, wherever skillful manufacturers are found. It is evident that I did not at first get the true meaning of his second "fact." By the *can* being in *italic*, I understood that he called it just possible for New England farmers do what he says.

Now about pastures again. "G.W.G." says they should never be plowed and sticks to it, and in the same paragraph says: "There may be pastures covered with bushes and otherwise unproductive, where plowing and reseeding would be an improvement." Why not use some other adverb instead of *never?* Johnston says, page 426: "In nearly all countries, one of the first steps of an improving agriculturist is to plow out the old and failing pastures, and either convert them permanently into arable fields, or after a few years cropping and manuring, again lay them down to grain." I will let the manure question rest hoping to get more light. O. H. L.

For the Maine Farmer.

To Press Flowers.

Procure two boards 12x18 inches and a large lot of old newspapers, folded and cut to the size of the boards. Lay upon the floor one of the boards, and on it place two or three newspapers. Now lay on the plant to be pressed, add another newspaper and then the next plant, and so on till all the specimens in hand have been disposed of. On top of all place the other board, upon which place a weight of not less than sixty pounds. The papers between the plants should be changed at least once a day for fresh ones, so that the plants may dry as rapidly as possible. Care should be taken not to remove the plant from the press until it is *thoroughly* dry. It is more convenient, especially with delicate plants, to place them in the press between a single fold of soft brown wrapping paper, as the plant can be left in this fold till dry, and the specimen may be transferred to fresh papers without danger of injury. Very fleshy succulent plants can best be dried by immersing them in boiling water before putting them into the press.

The specimens to look well when dry should be gathered upon a dry day; and to be of value should represent the flower, the leaves, and in small plants the root. When possible the fruit should also be gathered. It is especially necessary to have the fruit accompany the specimens of the mustard, pulse and parsley families. When gathering specimens they may be kept fresh, by placing them in a close tin box, as a large tin pin, or they may be snugly wrapped in a moistened newspaper.

L.

For the Maine Farmer.

Gas Lime as a Fertilizer.

It is not generally known among farmers that this lime, when properly pre-pared for the soil, is a valuable fertilizer.

It can be used as a top dressing for grass, or applied to land prepared for seed. In using it on grass land it should be spread on the snow in winter, by so doing, the snow and atmosphere has time to evaporate the strong ammoniacal and sulphuric deposts taken up by the lime during the process of purification of the gas, and when the lime is deposited in the soil, by melting of the snow, it still retains sufficient ammonia to strengthen and not destroy the grass roots. Another way of using this lime, is to mix it with peat or muck. It makes a rich dressing when mixed in proper proportions; say, to one horse-load of muck add one barrel of lime, and mix twice before using, allowing a month at least between times of mixing. It should be applied directly after plowing and before harrowing, and in moderate quantity. It may be used full strength upon all lands plowed in the fall and to be planted in the spring.

This lime is also a great protection against bugs. By spreading a small quantity in a circle around a plant, no bugs of any kind will approach it. Used in the same manner, it is a great protection to fruit trees. The lime used in most gas works is made from oyster shells, it is moist slacked until it has the appearance of flour. This is an animal and not a mineral production, which must have more fertilising virtue than anything produced from minerals. The cheapness of the lime makes it an object for every farmer who lives within a reasonable distance of gas works to avail himself of its advantages.

For the Maine Farmer

Agricultural Intelligence.

Meteorological Observations.

An abstract of the Meteorological Observations taken at the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, for the month of April, 1874; by Prof. M. C. FERNALD.

Latitude 44 deg. 53 min. 10 sec. North.
Longitude 68 deg. 38 min. 57 sec. West.
Altitude above the sea, 134 feet.

Mean temperature for the month.		33.30
Maximum temperature,		60.0
Minimum temperature,		1.0
Mean of warmest day,	(15th)	47.9
Mean of coldest day,	(1st)	13.9
Mean per centage of cloudiness,		.57
Am't of rain or melted snow in gauge,		3.76 in.
Amount of snow,		30.00.

Direction and force of winds:—N. W. & W., .35 S. W. & S., .32; S. E. & E., .08; N. E. & N., .25.

Mean height of barometer in inches,		29.764.
Maximum	" " "	30.260.
Minimum	" " "	28 984.
Mean force of vapor sufficient to sustain a column of mercury in height,		.133
Mean humidity of the atmosphere,		.67

Barn Cellars.

I notice that one of your correspondents calls barn cellars a "nuisance." I have one under my barn and would not do without it at any rate. My barn is 38 by 42, double boarded, with half inch and inch boards, and nailed with 20 penny nails. I have a row of pens behind the cattle against the side of the barn for calves &c., which I find very handy; the floor of the pens is raised 8 inches above the tie-up floor, and slopes an inch towards it, and the tie-up floor projects under the floor of the pens 4 inches. There are doors made of boards 14 feet long and 8 inches wide, to close the apperture when needed. It is a small job to keep a barn cleaned out constructed this way, and there is no possible way for an animal to get a leg or foot down through.

Castle Hill. EDWARD TARR.

Grafting Wax.

I have made several kinds of grafting wax according to the recipes published in the papers, but have found none to answer the purpose so well as that made by mixing equal parts of rosin and finely pulverized dry clay, adding sufficient tallow to render the wax the consistency of chewing gum. It is to be applied warm, with a small wooden paddle. It neither dries up, cracks or peals off, and is so cheap that it can be used for mending leaky barrels, smearing wounds on animals and many other purposes. M.

Dairy Considerations---Corrections.

In the printing of "Dairy Considerations" No. III, I notice as a printers error, the word "extremes" printed as "expenses," which destroys the meaning. Thus in the table from Willard, the heading should be "Extremes of the Different Factories," instead of "Expenses of the Different Factories." Also, "It is probable that the average results for a season will never pass beyond these extremes," instead of "expenses" &c.

E. LEWIS STURTEVANT.

South Framingham, Mass.

A Prolific Sheep.

I have a sheep three years old, that has brought eight lambs, viz:—when a yearling, one; at two years, two; and this year, five full grown live lambs, but owing to getting chilled, all died. There is no chance for a mistake, as I have but a small flock, and besides the others are all bringing up twins except one, which has but one. ED. TARR.

Castle Hill.

A Large Calf.

C. H. Neally of Monroe, has a cow that dropped a calf March 31st, which girthed three feet, and weighed 130 pounds when 24 hours old. The calf died and his hide weighed 14 pounds.

Answer to Inquiry.

Your correspondent C. H. Morrill, will get any information desired relating to the Chandler Horse Hoe, by addressing D. M. Dunham, Bangor, Me., the manufacturer.

Winterport. FRED ATWOOD.

Sale of Thoroughbred Short-horns.

Messrs. Howard & Ellis, Fairfield, Me., have sold to Charles F. Todd, Calais, the bull King Lear 13263, 3 years old; also cow Marigold 3d, by Charlton 5,440, heifer Marigold 6th, by King Lear 13263 dam Marigold, Marigold 8th by King Lear 13263, dam Marigold 3d; to Leroy Blackwell, Fairfield, 17 months old bull Duke of Fairfield, by King Lear 13263, dam Lady Fairfield; to John Leighton, Milbridge, year old bull Star King, by King Lear 13263, dam Misfortune; to Adalbert Crocket, Stockton, bull Prince Arthur by King Lear 13263, dam Miss Marigold.

Fairfield Corner.

Standish Farmers' Club.

The farmers of this town have recently organized a farmers' club by the choice of the following officers: Silas Baker, President; S. E. Libby, Vice President; John D. Higgins, Secretary and Treasury; A. P. Shaw, S. O. Paine, John Bragdon, Executive Committee. We have quite a large number of members and much interest is manifested and we hope to see much good result from our weekly meetings. We also send cordial greeting to our brother farmer throughout the State, and join in the desire for more improvement in all that relates to the welfare of the farmers of Maine.

SECRETARY.

Sales of Thoroughbred Jerseys.

Dr. N. R. Boutelle, Waterville, has lately sold Jerseys from the Millbrook Herd as follows: To Hon. S. A. Holbrook, Freeport, the yearling bull Goldfinch (H. R. No. 1069); to Henry H. Clark, South West Harbor, the yearling bull Dandie Dinmont (H. R. No. 1070); and to G. J. Shaw, Detroit, the heifer calf Florimel, sire Lord Aylmer 1067, dam Finette 2787; also Essex pigs to various parties.

Farm News and Notes.

Mr. C. E. Jordan of Cape Elizabeth, raised last year 700 bushels onions from two acres. This year he proposes to plant three acres. The Cape farmers are now putting in their early peas &c., for Portland market.

Mr. E. S. Smith of Hallowell, can tell a pretty good sheep story. He has four sheep that have seven lambs by their sides—all well and the lambs large and nice.

The following large eggs are reported at this office: J. L. Ricker, Waterville, one 6 by 7¾ inches; H. L. Hopkins, Vassalboro, one 6¼ by 8¼, weighing 3¼ ounces.

Mr. W. H. Moores of Hallowell, lost a horse last week, valued at $400. She was taken sick and died in a few days, refusing food during the time, but

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, May 9, 1874.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 in advance, or $2 50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of Subscription.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices

Mr. C. S. Ayer will canvas Cumberland county during the month of May.

Mr. J. P. Clark will call upon our subscribers in Waldo county, during the month of May.

Mr. A. Gordon of Solon, will visit subscribers in West Somerset County during the month of May.

Leafing.

Although the sun entered the sign of Aries on the 20th of March at 58 minutes past one o'clock in the afternoon, ushering in the vernal equinox and the beginning of spring, up to this time we have had but little spring-like weather. We usually have more or less freezing weather in this latitude, after the sun enters this sign, but it is rare that spring lingers as it has the present season. Since the last fall of snow however, the weather has softened and for the past few days the aspect of things has very much improved.

Among the manifold operations of nature in this period of the year, there is nothing that is invested with more interest than the opening of the buds and the unfolding of the countless leaves of the forest; and while all are interested in the general subject, and rejoice when the trees put on their beautiful garments of green, there are few indeed who have studied or endeavored to understand the methods by which this wonderful process is accomplished. One of our own most gifted poets has said that "To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a varied language," and it is no less true that to such a one she unlocks her secret stores of knowledge.

There are two kinds of buds, viz., the leaf bud containing the rudiments of a leafy stem or branch, and the flower bud containing the same elements only transformed into the nascent organs of the flower, for the purpose of reproducing its species. The leaf bud is formed the previous year and is closely wrapped in its covering of imbricated scales, to protect it from the extreme cold of our northern winters. In warm countries even in the same species of trees, the scaly armor is entirely wanting and when a shrub or tree is transplanted to the green-house, the scales do not form upon the buds, proving conclusively that this is a wise provision of nature to protect the incipient leaf from the winter's cold.

The vernation of the bud, which relates to the arrangement of the leaf organs of which it is formed, presents a thousand different forms and is best seen by making a cross section of the bud in its swollen state, with a sharp knife. Buds are either terminal or axillary. The terminal bud is the one always found at the end of a branch or twig and if destroyed there can be no farther growth in that direction. The axillary bud is one on the body of a twig or branch and may be active and develope into a leaf, in which case it usually becomes terminal, or it may remain latent from year to year and perhaps never become quickened into growth at all.

Some leaves are much more sensitive to cold than others, and these longer require the protection of the winter coat of imbricated scales. The bud of the beech can now be studied to good advantage, on account of its great size. The beech too is one of our most beautiful forest trees. In its winter suit of gray it always presents a neat and tidy appearance, and in the glory of its summer garb it has no superior among all the trees of the forest.

With the balmy breath of spring, the long slender buds of the beech begin to swell as the scaly coat slackens, next the green tips of the leaves begin to protrude and then, under the genial influence of the sun, the perfect leaf will soon begin to expand, delicate and tender at first, but growing firmer as it matures.

The young leaves of the red maple are conspicuously brilliant early in the season. These leaves which are red at first, afterwards change to green, and still later when the woods put on their autumnal glory, they change to red again.

All the numerous members of the birch family (*betulæ*) are early susceptible to the genial warmth of spring. The pendulous tassels, of a pale yellow hue, ornament the drooping boughs and cover the ground beneath them with a shower of pollen. The catkins which are seen between the budding leaves, are beautiful in shading and in outline. The yellow birch (*betula excelsa*), is one of the finest as well as the most valuable members of the birch family. The white birch (*betula papyracea*), is not a general favorite, yet were it not so common, on account of its beautiful white and tapering trunk, its symmetrical form and dark green foliage, it would be extensively cultivated as an ornamental tree. It is a weed among the trees and generally grows where it is not wanted.

We might extend our observations to an almost unlimited extent, would our space permit, and then not exhaust this prolific subject. Each class of trees has a method of unfolding and developing peculiar to itself, and all serve to illustrate the varied forms of beauty, design, forethought and matchless skill which pervade all the works of nature.

While we cannot too much admire the growing glory of the woods, we should not forget nor overlook the varied forms of beauty which lie at our feet. The May-flower (*Epigea-repens*) almost pushes itself through the snow and in this latitude it is the earliest flower to attract us by its modest beauty and sweet perfume.

In the swamp the fern family now begin to uncurl their wooly fronds and stand huddled in groups, like bishops in council with crosiers uplifted. The showy Benjamin may now be seen along the borders of the forest streams and is valued more for the delicate tints of its flowers than for its fragrance.

The different varieties of the violet family make their appearance on grassy slopes soon after the snow is gone, and such slopes inclining to the South, will often be found covered with them, while huge drifts of snow are in the immediate vicinity. Other blossoms of various kinds now follow in rapid succession, and ere long the woods and fields will be clothed in their green liveries and embellished with the delicate tints of thousands of flowers.

☞ Last week, for the first time in the history of the country, a colored man temporarily occupied the Speaker's chair, in the National House of Representatives. The person thus honored was Joseph H. Rainey, the Representative of the First South Carolina district, who was born a slave in Georgetown, 1832. During the war he was forced to work on the fortifications of the Confederates in Charleston, from whence he escaped to the West Indies, returning to his native town at the close of the war. He has been a member of Congress several times and is highly respected by the members of this House.

☞ By a circular received from the proprietor of the Oceanic House, located on Star Island, one of the Isles of Shoals, we learn that the house will be open for the reception of guests about the 15th of June. We spent a day at the Island last summer and we know of no better place where one can go and spend the hot months.

City News and Gossip. Dr. Crooker has purchased of L. W. Grafton his two houses on Winthrop street, below the Baptist Church. The price paid is $3100.—Mr. John Nason while chopping wood, had the misfortune to cut off one of his great toes.—A large amount of painting and other repairing is going on in various parts of the city this spring, too much to particularize.—Sewing machine literature is more interesting to the agents than to the general reader.—The members of the Port, Seth Williams with the aid of the citizens hope to observe Memorial Day in an appropriate manner. The prospect for flowers for that occasion in this vicinity, is not promising.—The steamer Star of the East opens the summer campaign in a satisfactory manner.—The joint committee of the City Council on sidewalks, report that portions of thirty streets need to have their sidewalks repaired or new ones constructed, on the west side of the river, and ten on the east side.—Drs. Bricket and Crooker have dissolved partnership.—The officers of Trinity Commandery were installed last week by John W. Balloud of Bath.—The leading Masons of this city are in Portland, attending the anniversaries of the Grand Masonic Bodies.—The pupils of Miss Woodbury's school, accompanied by their teacher, took a stroll into the woods Tuesday forenoon, in search of the trailing arbutus.—The genial rays of the sun on Monday and Tuesday caused a rapid disappearance of the slush. As a drier up of mud, this old luminary can't well be beaten.—Mr. M. A. Dow has moved his livery business to the Cushnoc stables.—Mr. Ecob of the Granite Church has gone to New York on a three weeks' vacation. His parishioners surprised him on the morning of his departure with a purse of $155.—Messrs. A. Hersey and Thomas Holt respectively General Freight Agent and Chief Engineer of the Maine Central Railroad have moved to Portland.—Maj. J. D. Myrick recently of this city, is to deliver the oration on Memorial Day at Calais.—Twenty persons were baptized at the Methodist Church last Sunday.—Rev. Hiram A. Stratton has accepted the pastorate of the church on Cushnoc Heights.—General Seldon Corner will orate in Portland, Memorial Day.—Miss Gurney and Miss Mountfort, both of Yarmouth, commenced the school in District No. 26, east side of the river, Monday.—Rev. Mr. Hinds is well settled in his new home south of the State House, and commenced his labors as pastor of the Winthrop Street Universalist Church, last Sunday.—A little boy at the South end, never goes to church or Sabbath school, but is faithfully carried to all the circuses and other like entertainments. The other day his mother went to a funeral in the neighborhood and left the boy at home. On being interrogated by a caller as to the whereabouts of his mother, he answered that, "she had gone over to the show."—The bird which is sometimes caught in this vicinity and kept for his singing qualities, is a member of the Finch family. We have heard it miscalled a linnet, but the linnet is a European bird.—P. C. Doliver and Elisha Springer, and two others have bought the house on Squirrel Island, built by Farr and Tobey of Hallowell.—The Grammar School realized one hundred dollars net, from the May Festival.—The Pension Examining Room examined forty-five persons, Wednesday, who desire to be the recipients of Government pensions.—Capt. C. A. Boutelle was in town Wednesday, on his way to Boston, to purchase the outfit for a new daily paper in Bangor.—The Centennial Board of the State are in session in this city to-day, (Thursday.)—Daniel T. Pike, wife and son, arrived home from California Wednesday night. We regret to learn that Mr. Pike is suffering from rheumatism.

City Affairs. A meeting of the City Council was held last Thursday. Thomas Little, Esq., City Treasurer, in response to an order, reported the total amount of receipts to date from sales of lots and hay in Mt. Pleasant cemetery to be $2424; and total expenditures, including cost of land for said cemetery to be $1859. Accepted and placed on file.

The Committee on new streets reported an estimate of the cost of repairing sidewalks and building the new ones, which it may be necessary to construct the present season at $3700.

Alderman Whitehouse, from the Joint Special Committee on Draining and paving Water street, made a report, that the estimated cost of constructing a suitable sewer laid in cement from Bridge's Block to the South line of Granite Hall Block would be $5701; cost of paving from Bridge's Block to Oak street $14810. An order passed by the Board of Aldermen, relating to the matter was indefinitely postponed by the Common Council.

An order was passed directing the Mayor to purchase a new hearse.

Daniel A. Cony tendered his resignation as Auditor, giving as his reason that he is "unable to give the time necessary to perform the duties of the office as specified in the ordinance adopted by the City Council.

A communication was received from Thos. Little, City Treasurer, stating that "The communication of S. W. Lane, Esq., City Auditor, in the Kennebec Journal of April 29th, as a final result of his investigation, show discrepancies so glaring that I am compelled to ask at your hands the appointment of an impartial person to re-audit my vouchers and books at my expense." It was ordered, on motion of Alderman Whitehouse that the communication be referred to the Committee on Accounts, with instructions to employ a suitable person, at the expense of Mr. Little, to investigate the books of the Treasurer and Collector and report at the next meeting.

Alderman Thompson from the Committee on New Streets reported that they had received propositions from parties to build the extension of Sewall street in answer to their advertisement, and the lowest proposal for grading and building culverts was from J. N. Wade and T. S. Benson, which was as follows: Moving earth to make grade 25 cents per cubic yard; furnishing the granite and laying the culvert, $2.74 cents per lineal foot.

An order was passed directing the Committee on New Streets to contract with Messrs. Wade & Benson for grading the extension of Sewall street and for building the two stone culverts.

Several orders were passed respecting the repair of streets and drains and the City Council adjourned for two weeks.

☞ A choice assortment of Garden seeds, flower and vegetable, came to hand last week, for which we are indebted to our thoughtful friend, J. T. Woodward, Esq., of the firm of Chase Brothers & Woodward, Nursery and Seedsmen, of Rochester, New York. We have tested their seeds, in former seasons, and have found them in every instance, not only true to name, but with a vigor and quickness of germinating power not surpassed by those from any other establishment in the country. Their seeds may be found at all grocery and seed stores in the State.

☞ The entertainment given by the scholars of the Grammar School, Tuesday evening, was every way successful and fully demonstrated the value of careful preparation. The operatta and drama were performed with admirable taste and skill, considering the age of the performers. Nearly sixty children had parts in the entertainment and all acquitted themselves with great credit.

☞ Rev. Mr. Hinds, pastor of the Winthrop Street Universalist Church will be ordained on Thursday, May 14th. The occasional sermon will be preached by Rev. J. C. Snow of Auburn, and several of the leading clergymen of the denomination in the State are expected to be present. The ordination services will be held in the evening.

☞ The situation on the lower Mississippi, remains essentially unchanged. The water is gradually subsiding and good progress is made in forwarding supplies to the sufferers.

County Items. The *Whig* hears that the Committee on the endowment of Baptist Academies in this State met in Waterville the first of the week. It was officially announced at that time that Ex-Gov. Coburn had subscribed $50,000 for such endowment, and measures were taken to put a suitable person in the field to raise at least $100,000 more for the same purpose.—Nathan Brown of Clinton, while at work driving logs for Heath and Crosby on Twenty-Five Mile stream, broke both bones of his right leg.—The Gardiner *Reporter* says the several saw mills in that city make from 50 to 75 cords of sawdust per day. As this sells readily for about as high a price as though in solid long lumber, there isn't much waste in cutting up a log hereabouts.—Mrs. Betsey Hobbs who is eighty-two years old, with the assistance of her daughter, has made between 900 and 1000 pairs of pants, besides doing the work necessarily falling upon a farmers' wife.—A correspondent notes the death at East Winthrop, recently, of the wife of Mr. D. W. White, and also of their only child, both deaths occurring within the brief space of two weeks.—The *Reporter* says Mr. D. C. Foster of Farmingdale, lost a valuable horse Thursday, the animal dropping down dead in the stable while being groomed. It is thought he died of heart disease, not having shown any signs of sickness previous, and not having a hard drive for the winter.—The alumni of Colby University,—or Waterville College, as it was formerly called,—living in Boston and its vicinity held their annual meeting at Young's Hotel Friday night.—Two of the oldest inhabitants of Litchfield, a husband and wife, formerly of Webster, have recently passed away. Ruth Smith died April 19th at the advanced age of 84 years and 11 months. She had been almost entirely helpless, occasioned by paralysis, for nearly three years, having no use of her right side, for that length of time. Her husband, Charles Smith, followed her in just one week, aged 84 years and 7 days.—The selectmen of Winthrop have made out their taxes, and the percentage is sixteen mills on the dollar.—A lodge of Odd Fellows is soon to be instituted in Gardiner, and the hall in Ring's block, formerly used by the G. A. R. Post, is being fitted up for their use.

☞ James P. Davis, an insane person, killed his father Silas Davis of Stetson, Saturday morning by splitting open his head with an axe. Young Davis who is about 30 years of age has for some time past exhibited signs of insanity, and had been at the Insane Hospital, but was discharged as cured. He remained quietly at the house after committing the deed, until the neighbors came, and taking him into custody carried him to Stetson village, where he was arraigned before a trial justice and committed.

A *Whig* reporter interviewed him the same afternoon, at the jail, and found him cool and willing to talk about the murder. He said the old man was not his father and had abused him awfully, and that he made up his mind that unless the old man was killed he should be killed himself. He says the old man agreed to be killed, and giving him the axe laid his head down on a block in the door yard. He means to cut his neck off, but made a mistake and chopped his head in two. He thought the old man wanted to die so his abuse of James (his son) should never be known.

The murderer continued talking in an incoherent manner, which evinced that he is insane.

He was in the First Maine Cavalry and 14th New Hampshire regiment in the late war.

He offered no violence to his mother after he had killed his father, but, according to the neighbors, had previously chased his sister with an axe, and threatened her and her father's lives. The affair naturally causes a great deal of excitement in the vicinity and hundreds have been to the scene of the murder.

☞ The *Argus* states that Saturday the United States Deputy Marshals, on the arrival of the New Brunswick at Portland, arrested B. W. French, Nelson Smith, E. E. Emerson and James Doon of Calais, for Smuggling wool, sheepskins and other merchandise at that port. These parties were taken before Judge Shepley, and French pleaded guilty to the charges. Doon pleaded guilty to one offence, but the others pleaded not guilty, and furnished bonds for their future appearance. French was sentenced to sixty days in Machias jail. Emerson and Smith gave bonds, and Doon was remanded until the 13th inst.

☞ The Countess of Aberdeen in Scotland has recently presented the Richmond, Maine Library with one hundred and fifteen volumes of choice books. She was moved to do this from the fact that her son, the Earl of Aberdeen, who, under the assumed name of George H. Osborne, took upon himself the life of a seaman and during the last two years of his life, before he was finally lost at sea, made Richmond his home and was a constant patron of the library. He commenced as a common sailor but at the time of his death he was a master mariner.

☞ The plans for the Maine Industril School for Girls at Hallowell, show a three story brick building, of English style of architecture, hip roof with ornamental cresting, surrounded by a bell tower 60 feet high; the trimmings will be of granite and black brick. Mr. Fassett, the architect, estimated the entire cost would be $12,000 and the contract was awarded to Foster & Dunton of Waterville, for $12,475—pretty close figuring; the highest bidder was $17,000.

Fatal Accidents. Capt. John Chase, a retired ship merchant of Edgecomb, was instantly killed Tuesday forenoon by the fall of a derrick.

Two men belonging in Edgecomb, Joseph Nickinson and Jason Huff, were drowned in Wiscasset harbor about 7 o'clock Tuesday evening. They were in two boats loaded with sand and the boats sunk. These including Captain Chase, killed that forenoon, three citizens of Edgecomb have met accidental deaths in one day.

☞ At the meeting of the Grand Masonic Bodies, Tuesday, David Cargill of Augusta, was re-elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, and Horace H. Burbank was elected Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter. The subordinate officers of last year were re-elected. There was a large attendance and a good degree of interest was manifested in the cause of Free-masonry.

☞ Kennebec County Lodge of Good Templars will meet with Nahumkeag Lodge at Vassalboro', on Thursday, May 14, at 7 o'clock, P. M., and continue through the following day. The leading workers of the Order in the State are expected to be present, and a good meeting is anticipated.

☞ The *Press* says that the foundations for the new convent to be erected on the grounds adjoining Bishop Bacon's residence at Portland will be laid at once. The building is to be about the size of the Bishop's residence, and finished in nearly the same style. It will be used as a school for young ladies, and as a Home for the Sisters of Mercy. The cost will be about $50,000.

☞ Indictments have been found by the Androscoggin county grand jury against Oliver Otis, William B. Kimball and Fred M. Kimball, publishers of the Auburn *Clipper*, for libel on E. G. Harlow, Ara Cushman and A. K. P. Knowlton.

☞ The barn of C. H. Davis of Sidney was burned Saturday evening together with seven tons of hay, besides grain, sleigh and farming utensils. Loss about $700. The origin of the fire is unknown.

☞ Albert P. Chittenden of Poland was killed at Bangor on Monday by being run over by a freight train of which he was brakeman.

Editor's Table.

John Andross: By Rebecca Harding Davis. Illustrated. New York: Published by Orange Judd & Company.

The scene of this story is in the mountain regions of Pennsylvania, changing occasionally to Harrisburg and Washington. The power and unscrupulousness of the lobby are admirably shown up and around the simple plot of the story are clustered several scenes of thrilling interest.

The American Historical Record and Repertory of Notes and Queries: Edited by Benson J. Lossing, L. L. D., and published by John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia.

The May number of this monthly periodical is received and well filled with useful and entertaining matter in its special field of labor. It makes a specialty of publishing old letters, diaries and all matter pertaining to the history of the country or any other section thereof. Each number contains about fifty pages and it is furnished to subscribers at $4 a year.

The Land of Moab: Travels and Discoveries on the East Side of the Dead Sea and the River Jordan. By H. B. Tristram LL. D., F. R. S. New York: Published by Harper & Brothers.

We have not read a book for a long time which has afforded more real enjoyment than this. The author who had peculiar advantages for exploring that portion of the Bible lands which lies on the eastern side of the Dead Sea and about which but little was known, on account of the fierce and warlike character of the Bedouin tribes which inhabit it, in this volume gives graphic descriptions of the soil, climate and people, and what is of still greater interest to the Bible student, of the ruins of the ancient cities of which mention is made in the Sacred Writings. The work is illustrated with numerous engravings of ancient ruins, but the pen and ink sketches are so vivid, that the illustrations are hardly necessary to a clear comprehension of the various subjects treated of.

The Harper Brothers have also recently publi-hed a volume entitled "The Desert of the Exodus," giving an account of recent explorations and discoveries extending from the Isthmus of Suez through the land of Edom, Moab and Palestine, on the supposed route of the children of Israel in their wanderings and journeyings through the wilderness from Egypt to the promised land. The work is embellished with maps and charts illustrating the physical geography of the country, showing the various mountain ranges, water courses &c., &c. These two volumes should find a place in every library. They furnish interesting reading and have a permanent value as works of reference

The Aldine. The May number of the Aldine contains its usual variety of beautiful engravings and its reading matter will be found seasonable and good. The initial picture represents a scene from frontier life entitled "The Dying Hound." This is followed by several engravings representing rural scenery in Florida. The "Bashful Lover" is a faithful copy of a painting by one of the old masters. The engravings close with a portrait of Max Strakosch with a brief sketch of his life and musical career.

The International Review. Number 3 of this valuable Quarterly is at hand and treats of various subjects, among which are the following: First Impressions of Rome; Indian Citizenship; Art at the National Capitol; Australia; Monopolies &c., &c. New York, A. S. Barnes & Co.

Old and New. The May number is received and contents noted. Among the articles of special interest are "The Way We Live Now," "The Church and its Pretensions," "Our Sketching Club and To and Through Norway." "Lifting the Kine" is a poem which tells the story of the seizure of Miss Greene's cows for taxes. Other departments of the Magazine are complete and interesting as usual.

☞ At the regular monthly meeting of the Biddeford City Government on Monday evening according to a special to the Portland *Press*, a scene occurred which is not very creditable to the people of that borough.

After the adjournment of the Council, Edwin Stone approached Councilman Andrews in the Council room and accused him of making a false record while temporary clerk at a recent meeting. Mr. Andrews denied any intention of fraud but accused Stone of being the author of an order introduced to appoint a committee to investigate the action of Mr. Andrews. Mr. Stone called Andrews a liar. Mr. Andrews replying, "you are another," Stone squared off and dealt Andrews a stinging blow in the face, just grazing his nose. Andrews objected to such a proceeding and collared Stone, backed him against the wall and bumped his head in a lively manner. Ex-Mayor Wedgewood then made a dive for Andrews, and then commenced a free fight which throws New York and Arkansas into the shade. A Councilman tried to pull the usually affable Wedgewood off, but he struck out right and left. A Councilman from Ward 4 struck a Councilman from Ward 7 in the face, and in return got a blow which sent him spinning against the folding doors of the Aldermen's room. At this juncture of affairs reinforcements arrived and at least twenty were engaged in the fight.

A legal gentleman was about to grab a chair to make therewith the most telling argument of his life upon somebody, when Councilmen Haines and Allen wrenched it from him and succeeded in pacifying him. Such hunching and choking, kicking and pulling would have done credit to a row in North street, Boston or a genuine Bowery knock down.

At ten o'clock the riotous ones had been all taken in tow and safely escorted away, and soon quietness reigned supreme. It was the only topic of discussion at the hotels to the city, and that such a disgraceful and uncalled for scrimmage should have brought upon the city such disgrace, is regretted by all.

Fatal Accident. A stranger was run over and killed Saturday afternoon on the Eastern Railroad about three miles east of Kennebunk Depot. As the ten o'clock train for Boston was going down grade and round a turn this side the camp ground, the engineer, Mr. Dodge, observed something lying between the rails, but at first could not make out what it was. He sounded the whistle and endeavored to stop the train before reaching what proved to be a man, but failed to do so until the cars passed over him. The man was cut in three pieces, one cut being across the bowels. The conductor left one of his train men to guard the remains, and on arriving at Kennebunk immediately notified coroner Sargent, who took charge of the remains.

The person killed was evidently a "tramp." At Kennebunk depot, which he passed between eight and nine o'clock Saturday morning, he informed persons he was from Boston and on his way to St. John.

☞ James P. Davis, of Stetson, who recently killed his father with an axe, an account of which we print in another column, has not been an inmate of the Insane Hospital since a year ago last December. He was committed in the fall of 1872 and remained an inmate about three months. While there, he was subject to some delusive notions, but was not violent and exhibited no homicidal tendencies. There is always an increased number of applicants for admission to the Hospital, after such a homicide, and since the horrible affair at Stetson, three persons have been admitted to that institution in one day.

☞ Patents have been granted Thomas N. Egery, Bangor, for feed for saw mills; Wm. Cousins, Upper Stillwater, for potato planter; Woodard Thompson, Gardiner, for snow scraper; Daniel Sullivan, Bangor, for steam boiler; Hanson Gregory, jr., Rockland, for elastic connection for rigging, &c.; Thomas N. Egery, Bangor, for water wheel: Silas G. Smith, Hollis, for machine for clearing railways of snow; Wallace H. Carter, Waterville, for clay-cutter.

A Voice from the South. The following remarks by Mr. Lamar, late a General in the rebel army and now member of Congress from Georgia, upon the resolutions relating to the death of Charles Sumner, will be read with interest:

Mr. Speaker, I rise to second the resolutions presented by the member from Massachusetts. I believe that they express a sentiment which pervades the hearts of all the people whose representatives are here assembled. Strange, as in looking back upon the fact the assertion may seem impossible (as it would have been ten years ago to make it,) it is not the less true that to-day Mississippi regrets the death of Charles Sumner, and sincerely unites with all in paying honors to his memory. Not because of the splendor of his intellect, though in him was extinguished one of the brightest lights which have illustrated councils of the government for nearly a quarter of a century; not because of the high culture, and elegant scholarship and the varied learning which revealed themselves so clearly in all his public efforts as to justify the application to him of Johnson's felicitous expression. "He touched nothing which he did not adorn;" not this, though these are qualities by no means, it is to be feared, so common in public places as to make their disappearance, in even a single instance, a matter of indifference, but because of those peculiar and strongly marked moral traits of his character which gave the coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly dramatic public career, making himself to a part of his countrymen the object of as deep and passionate hostility as to another he was one of enthusiastic admiration, and which are not the less the cause that now unites all these parties, so widely different, in a common sorrow to-day over his lifeless remains. Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom, and was educated from his earliest infancy to the belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him, in fact, the creed seems to have been something more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers or a result of education. It was a grand intuitive truth inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been for him to deny that he himself existed; and along with this all-controlling love of freedom he possessed a moral sensibility keenly intense and vivid—a consciousness which would never permit him to swerve by the breadth of a hair from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics which have in all ages given to religion her martyrs, and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes.

Let me do this great man the justice which, amid the excitement of the struggle between the sections, now past, we may have been disposed to deny him. In his fiery zeal and his earnest warfare against the wrong, as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity toward the men whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced. It has been the kindness of the sympathy which in these later years he has displayed toward the impoverished and suffering people of the southern States that has unveiled to me the generous and tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect, I might even say of my admiration. Nor in the manifestation of this has there been anything which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under a sense of recent discomfiture and present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to suspect his sincerity. For though he raised his voice as soon as he believed the momentous issues of this great military conflict were decided, in favor of amnesty to the vanquished, and though he stood forward ready to welcome back as brothers and to re-establish in their rights as citizens those whose valor had so nearly riven asunder the Union which he loved, he always insisted that the most ample protection and the largest safeguards should be thrown around the liberties of the newly-enfranchised African race. Though he knew well that of his conquered fellow-citizens of the South, by far the larger portion of even those who most heartily acquiesced in and desired the abolition of slavery seriously questioned the expediency of investing in a single day and without any preliminary tutelage so vast a body of inexperienced and uninstructed men with the full rights of citizen ship and suffrage, he would tolerate no half-way measures upon a point to him so vital. Indeed, immediately after the war, while other minds were occupying themselves with different theories of reconstruction, he did not hesitate to impress most emphatically on the administration, not only in public, but in the confidence of private intercourse, his uncompromising resolution to oppose to the last every scheme which should fail to provide the surest guarantees for the personal freedom and political rights of the race which he had undertaken to protect. Whether these measures show him to be a practical statesman or a theoretical enthusiast, is a question on which any decision we may pronounce to-day must wait the inevitable revision of posterity. The spirit of magnanimity, therefore, which breathes of his utterances, and manifests itself in all his acts affecting the South, was as evidently honest as it was grateful to the feelings of those to whom it was displayed.

It was certainly a gracious act toward the South, though unhappily it jarred upon the sensibilities of the people at the other extreme of the Union, to propose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementes of the bloody internal struggle, which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people, so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But while it touched the heart and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation. Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they can but cherish the recollections of the battles fought and the victories won in defence of a hopeless cause, and respecting, as all true and brave men must, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish the North to strike the mementoes of heroism and victory from either records, or monuments, or battle-flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section, not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them as a common heritage of American valor. Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of northern prowess or southern courage, but of the heroism and fortitude of the American people in a war of ideas, a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the Constitution received from their fathers.

It was my misfortune; perhaps my fault, personally never to have known this eminent philanthropist and statesman. The impulse was very strong upon me to go to him and offer my hand and my heart with it, and to express to him my thanks for his kind and considerate course toward the people with whom I am identified. If I did not yield to that impulse it was because the thought occurred that other days were coming in which a demonstration might be more opportune and less liable to misconstruction. Suddenly and without premonition, a day has come at last to which, for such a purpose, there is no to-morrow. My regret is, therefore, intensified by the thought that I failed to speak to him out of the fulness of my heart, while there was yet time. How often is it that death thus brings unavailingly back to our remembrance opportunities unimproved, in which generous overtures, prompted by the heart, remain unoffered, frank avowals which rise to the lips remain unspoken, and the injustice and wrong with which conscience reproached us remain unrepaired! Charles Sumner in life believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement between the two sections of our country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment, or if not, ought it not to be, of the great mass of our people. North and South?—bound to each other by a common Constitution, destined to live together under a common government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not at least endeavor to grow toward each other in heart, as we already are indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not whilst honoring the memory of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and heavenly charity, lay aside the concealment which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desired to be one? One not merely in political organizations, one not merely in identity of institutions, one not merely in community of language and literature and traditions and country; but more and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart?

Am I mistaken in this? Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have scrutinized your sentiments as expressed, not merely in public debate, but in the abandon of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these my southern friends, whose hearts are so enfolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint which each apparently hesitates, to dismiss. The South prostrate, exhaushed, drained of her life blood, as well as of her material resourses, yet still honorable and true, accept the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and discomfitted antagonist; and yet, as if under some mysterious spell, his words and acts are words and acts of suspicion and distrust. Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory! My countrymen, know one another and you will love one another.

The house then adjourned.

The Grand Army and Memorial Day. The following general order has been issued by Gen. Charles Devens, Jr., Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic:

In accordance with the rules and regulations, the 30th day of May next will be observed as Memorial day by the Grand Army of the Republic, and the customary honors will be paid to the memory of our departed comrades by public services and by visiting and decorating, so far as we are able to do so, the graves where they lie.

In making arrangements for its observances, departments and posts are recommended to invite the co-operations of comrades not members of the Grand Army, of the clergy, and of all who may feel interested in these memorial services.

It is earnestly hoped that in those places where there are no posts the day may not be suffered to pass without suitable recognition, but that friends and citizens will endeavor to see that the graves of those who sleep among them are not left unvisited. By this simple act we seem to establish a communion between all who have loved our brave while living and who honored them when dead, and we join alike with the solemn processions which move with banners and music from our crowded cities, or with the little family, which on some lonely farm will, on that day, visit the quiet spot where rests the remains of him who was once a beloved brother or darling son. Together we inculcate the lesson of that self devotion by which alone a nation can be saved in so terrible a crisis of its fate as that through which our own was called to pass, and we bow our heads in gratitude to the Almighty for His signal favor in preserving our Government from threatened destruction; and together we rededicate ourselves to all the duties of patriotism that are still upon us.

Nor would we seek to honor the memory of those alone whose graves we are able visit, but through them to commemorate all that have passed away, who in the hour of trial did their duty faithfully. Our noble dead are scattered far and wide, but whether they lie on the land or in the sea, let all be united in our remembrance, wherever a single hand may strew with flowers the last resting place of a faithful comrade.

☞ Our readers will doubtless remember the great robbery that was committed at Petroleum Center in Pennsylvania in 1868, when the rich oilist Bennehoff was plundered of half a million dollars. Among those who committed the robbery was James Segar, who was a well-to-do merchant and was generally respected. A few days after the crime was committed, Segar left the place taking with him most of the plunder, thereby cheating his confederates. Two of the gang were arrested and convicted, and are now serving out their sentence in the penitentiary.

The recent arrest of Segar has brought to light his whereabouts during these six years. He went to New Orleans disguised as a Stevedore; from thence he visited alternately, Cuba, South America, Australia, Mexico, and from thence to Texas where he become one of the largest cattle owners in that State. His stock amounted to forty thousand head. Here he was known by the name of McGee. Recently he took a drive of cattle to Denver and while there he stopped at a restorant kept by one Potter who had recently moved from Pennsylvania, and who at once recognized in McGee the long lost Segar. He left the place, but soon returned, thinking he could easily bribe Potter, but on entering the resturant, he was at once arrested. Potter, it seems, is the nephew of one of Segar's confederates, who is now suffering imprisonment for the offense and as Segar carried off all the plunder, he was not disposed to shield him. This occurred the last of April and probably Segar ere this, is in a Pennsylvania prison. His wife still lives at Petroleum Center and had supposed her husband dead.

☞ Important advices are received from Spain. The national forces under Marshal Serrano have entered Bilboa, driving away the Carlists who retreated in great disorder.

Bilboa is the capital of the province of Biscay on the Nervion, six miles from its mouth at Portugalete, and is the principal port on the north coast of Spain. It is an important strategic point, being situated in that section of the country where the adherents of Don Carlos have the most strength and where their operations have been mostly confined. For months the Carlists have been besieging the city, and with every prospect of final success, until Serrano took the field in person. Since then many sanguinary conflicts have taken place with varied success, but recently the Republicans have received large reinforcements and the latest despatches indicated that they were compelling the Carlists to abandon their strongest points. With the fall of Bilboa and the scattering of the besieging army the fortunes of Don Carlos will probably wane.

☞ Ex-Secretary Boutwell has testified before the committee respecting the Sanborn contracts, and seems to know as little about it as his subordinates. The testimony of Mr. Boutwell closed the investigation and a report will soon be made. Judging from the character of the testimony already published, it will not be very interesting reading. It is understood that the committee has agreed to report a bill, abolishing all moieties to officers, while other informers are in no case to receive more than the value of the articles seized and never more than $5000 in a single case. It also provides that an interest to defraud must be shown and that judgment is not to be given as proof of mere technical violations of law. The report severely criticises the management of the Treasury Department with reference to these contracts and shows that Sanborns operated with the knowledge and consent of the Treasury officials.

☞ It seems that adulteration of articles of food is not confined alone to the people of the United states:

A bill has just been introduced into the Dominion Parliament for the purpose of more effectually preventing the adulteration of food, drink and drugs. It provides that all persons wilfully adulterating articles of food and drink with deleterious substances, or drugs with any material, or ordering others to do so, shall be liable to a fine of $100 and the costs of conviction on the first offence, and for each subsequent one imprisonment for three months at hard labor.

Singular Accident. Mr. Arthur Davee met with a serious and singular accident at Brownville on the 17th ult. He had been at work in the carpenter's shop connected with the Bangor & Piscataquis Slate Co., and, being unwell on that day, did not go to work, but remained at home. It seems that he was examining some small pistol cartridges. Taking one in each hand, he struck them together, causing them to explode with great force, tearing away portions of the thumb and two fingers on the left hand, and two fingers on the right hand.

☞ James Waltz, who was under sentence of death in Sing-Sing prison, New York, for the murder of a scissors grinder at Catskill, attacked and murdered his keeper, Chas. Ernst, on Thursday. The citizens turned out and threatened to lynch the culprit, but were prevented by the firmness of the prison officers. Waltz was executed Friday.

Items of Maine News.

The town of Lyndon has 292 polls and a valuation of $154,775.

A salute was fired at Brunswick [in honor of the veto of President Grant.

Androscoggin river has been clear of ice for a week, and logs are running quite freely.

The Oxford Democrat reports considerable maple s

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, May 6.

At market for the current week—Cattle 3308; Sheep and Lambs 4 684; Swine 10,900; number of Western Cattle 3183. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 125; Eastern Cattle, —

Prices of *Beef* Cattle, per 100 lbs. live weight, extra quality $7 25a7 50; first quality $6 62½a7 12½. Second quality $5 75a6 50; third quality $5 00a5 75; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3 75a4 50.

Brighton Hides—7½a8c per lb. Brighton Tallow 5½c per lb.

Country Hides—7½c per lb. Country Tallow 4½c per lb.

Calf Skins—15c per lb. Sheep Skins $1 50 each.

Trade has not been so active this week as it was one week ago. The quality of he Beef Cattle were better upon an average and cost higher at the West. Prices for the best grades have been about ½ ₩ lb better than those of one week ago. Upon the common grades there has not been much if any change in prices. Some of the best lots of Cattle were taken at a commission, costing 7¼@7½ ₩ lb live weight. There were but few Northern Cattle in market, and none from Maine this week.

Working Oxen—Not so good a demand for Working Oxen as there has been for a few weeks past. We quote sales of 1 pr, gth 7 ft 4 in, $205; 1 pr, 7 ft, $185; 1 pr, 7 ft $185; 1 pr, 6 ft 10 in, $205; 1 pr, 6 ft 6 in, $155; 1 pr, 9 ft 8 in, $170; 1 pr 6 ft, $175.

Store Cattle—None in market with the exception of Working Oxen and Milch Cows. Nearly all the small Cattle that are in a fair condition are sold for Beef.

Milch Cows—Most of those offered for sale are of a common grade. We quote: Extra $55a90; ordinary $25a50 ₩ head.

Sheep and Lambs—There was a light supply from the West all owned bp butchers. Western sheep cost landed at Brighton 9¼a10c ₩ lb. There were some nice lots from the western part of the State, which sold at our highest quotations.

Swine—Store Pigs—wholesale, 7a8c ₩ lb; retail, 7½a9c ₩ lb; Fat Hogs—8@9 in market,—6½a6¾c ₩ lb.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, May 6.

There is no change to notice in the Wool market. Stocks are light and manufacturers continue to purchase from week to week to keep their machinery running but with goods quite depressed and unsalable, the prospect for them is not very encouraging. Some new fall Sheep Wool has been received, supplies of new California have been arriving, the new Kentucky clip of combing is near at hand, and considerable fine Wool has been received from the River Plate and Australia at New York and Boston. The London sal s are progressing at a decline of 1d on greasy Australian, and all the supplies our manufacturers will want are either on hand or could be placed here in a few weeks. The demand has been fair during the week and the sales add up much larger than was generally expected. The transactions include 175,000 lbs Ohio and Pennsylvania at 52a58c; including choice XX fleece and above at 56a58c; 290,000 lbs Michigan at 50a53c; 65,000 lbs Western, New York, Vermont and New Hampshire at 48a52c; 325,000 lbs super and X pulled at 35a37c, including choice Eastern, New York and Maine supers at 52a57c; 60,000 lbs combing and delaine fleeces at 56a63c; 100,000 lbs unwashed and unmerchantable at 33a45c.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, May 6.

Flour and Grain—There is a steady demand for Flour at unchanged prices; we quote:

Western superfine at $5 50a6 00; common extras at $6 50a7 00; Milwaukee and Minnesota extras at 7 00a8 00; white wheat Ohio, Indiana and Michigan at $7 00@8 50; Illinois at $7a9; and St. Louis at $7¼a10 ₩ bbl. Southern Flour is quiet at $6¼a10 ₩ bbl. for common extras and choice family; and fancy Minnesota at $ 50a11 00 ₩ bbl. Corn is quiet at 92a94c ₩ bush. for mixed and yellow. Oats are firm at 63a70c ₩ bush for brown and white. Rye $1 10@1 20 ₩ bush. Shorts $24a25; Fine Feed and Middlings at $32a33 ₩ ton.

Provisions—Pork is steady, sales at $14¼a15 for prime; $14a18 for mess; and $20 00 a 24 00 ₩ bbl for clear. Beef ranges from $11a14 00 mess and extra mess, and $16@17 per bbl for family. Lard 10¼a11c per lb. for city and Western; and smoked Hams 11¼a12c per lb. Butter sells at 25a38c per lb; and Cheese from 14a17c per lb, as to quality.

Produce—The advance in Eggs has not been sustained. The sales have been about at 18@20c for Western and Eastern. White Beans are firm, with a steady demand. Sales at $1 90a1 95 ₩ bushel for choice mediums; $2 25a2 60 for extra pea; and $2 25@2 50 for yellow eyes. Potatoes are very firm, and in Jacksons an advance has taken place. Sales of Jacksons at $1 00a1 12; and Early Rose at $1a1 05 ₩ bush. Onions are scarce and firm, and have been selling at $6 a7 ₩ barrel.

Hay—Choice hay is scarce, and the market sustains full prices. The sales have been at $25a27 ₩ ton for good and choice.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, May 6.

Cotton.—Sales 925 bales—middling uplands $17¼

Flour—Sales 9,259 bbls—State $5 85a6 95; Round Hoop Ohio, $6 35a7 60; Western, $6 85a7 35; Southern $6 40a7, 00.

Wheat—Sales, 127,000—No. 2 Mil., $1 57a1 58; No. 3, $1 59¼—; No. 1 Chi., $1 60a1 65; No. 2, $1 54a1 55; No. 2 Mixed, $1 63; No. 3 $1 52; Winter Red, $1 66a1 66; Amber, $1 66a; No. 1 lowa, $1 42@1 43; White Mich., $1 72a1 77; Winter Western, $1 66.

Corn—Sales 73,000 bushels—new, 84a86c.

Oats—Sales 140,000 bush. — Western 64a67½.

Pork—Mess, $16¼a17½.

Lard—8¼; kettle, 9¼; steam, 10¼.

Sugar—Refining, 7¼; No. 12 Dc., 8—

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, May 6.

Money was easy at 3a4 ₩ cent.

Gold ranged from 112¼a113¼, closing at 112¼a112¼.

United States 6s, 5-20s (coupons) 1881, 121½; 5-20's 1862, 118¾; 1864, 116½; 1865, 117¼; 1865, (January and July) 119¾; 1867, 120½; 1868, 119½; New 5's, 115;—10-40's (coupons), 114½; Currency, 116½.

Augusta City Market.

THURSDAY, May 7.

Apples—We hear of one or two lots of Russets having been sold for 46@6 50 ₩ bbl; but they are no nearly out of market it don't *pay* to quote them. Nice dried, sliced, 10a12c.

Butter—In abundance, at 30a40c ₩ lb, according to quality.

Beans—Are lower and dull in Boston market, although our buyers make no change in quotations, viz: ₩2 75a3 for pea and yellow eyes.

Cranberries—There are no cranberries in market at this season, and we withdraw our quotations.

Cheese—Choice Livermore and Factory made 15a16c; common country 14a16c.

Eggs—Supply of the common extra, $8 50a9 00; good ₩ 00a10 00; choice Western ₩ 50a10 50; St. Louis favorite brands $13 00a13 50.

Grain—Corn $1 05c1 10; oats 75c; western rye, $1; barley has advanced and we quote $1a1 25.

Hay—No loose hay in market, on account of the bad condition of the travelling, although prices remain unchanged, viz: $14a16.

Hides and Skins—Hides, 7a7½c; calf skins, 13a15c; wool skins $1a1 50 according to quality.

Lime—$1 40 ₩ cask.

Meal—Corn, $1 05a1 10 ₩ bush; rye, (none in market) $1 ₩ bush.

Produce—Potatoes have advanced to 70a75c; eggs in supply at 16a18; domestic lard in pots, 17c.

Shorts—$2.00 per 100 lbs.

Seeds—Herds-grass $4; Western red top $1 10; Jersey sapling $2 50; timothy $2 25; fancy do $3 00; Northern New York clover 12½; Peavine clover, 16c; Connecticut clover, 18c; Alsike clover, 35c; orchard grass, $3 ₩ bush.

Provisions—Round hogs are being cut at 9a10c clear salt pork, $20; domestic ham, 14a15c; good beef by the side, 8a10c; turkeys, 12a15c; fowl. 12a20c; chickens, 8a9c by the carcass; mutton by the carcass, 10a11c.

Wool—Quiet, and but little doing; medium to fine, 42a43c; washed 30c.

Wood—Hard wood $6a8 ₩ cord; mill wood, delivered, $4 ₩ cord.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, May 6.

Apples—Green $6 50a8 00; dried, 10a12c for Western; Eeastern, 10a14c.

Beans—We quote hand-picked pea beans at $2 75a3; yellow eyes at $3 25a3 50.

Butter—Selling at 32a40c for family. Store is selling from 20a.5c.

Cheese— Factory is selling at 18c.0.

Vermont and New York Dairy is worth 16a17.

Fish—We quote Large shore, $5 50a5 75; large bank, $4 25a4 50; small, $3 50a3 75; pollock $2 75a3 50; hake, $3 75a3 25; cusk, $3 50; herring, $3 00a4 00 per barrel; scaled, per box, 22a27; mackerel, per bbl; Bay, No. 3 to 1 $11 00to17 50; Shore No, 1 and 2, $13to$23.00.

Flour — We quote Superfine, $6 00 a 6 50; Spring X, $6 50 a 8 50; Michigan Winter X and XX, $8 00a9 50; Illinois X and XX $6 75a9 50; St. Louis X and XX, $8 50a11 50.

Grain—We quote sound corn at 92a93c, and yellow 93c. Oats are worth 65a68c, fine feed at $30a32 per ton, and shorts at $28a30 per ton.

Hay—Loose, $14a$20 per ton for prime.

Pressed hay is selling from $16 to $18. Baled straw is selling at $12a15 per ton for prime.

Lard—Prime Western, per tierce, 11¼a11¾c p lb; per keg 10¼a10¾c. Pail 12a12½c.

Plaster—White per ton, $3 50; blue, $3 25; Ground in bbls, $8 00a9 00; calcined in bbls $2 75

Produce—We quote beef sides at 6 a 13c; veal 10 a 12; mutton 12 a 15c; Chickens 18 to 22 cents; Turkeys, 20a22c; Eggs, 17a20c; Potatoes 75a95 per bush; Onions, $8 00a9 00per bbl Round Hogs, 8a9c.

Provisions— We quote as follows:— Mess Beef, Chicago, $10 00 a 11 00; Extra Mess, 13 00 a14 00; Plate $14 00; Extra Plate, $16 00; Hams, backs, $21 00; clear, $20 00; mess, 18 00; Hams 12a13½.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, May 6.

Beans— Yellow Eyes have sold at $3 12½ per bush. Hand picked Pea beans $3a3 25 per bush

Butter—Is worth from 28a35 ₩ lb, according to quality.

Eggs—Selling at 18 cts per dozen.

Hay—The best qualities of loose sell at $12 00 to $15 00 per ton. Pressed, $13a16.

Grain—Oats are now worth 70a75 cents per bushel. Corn, 95ca$1.

Potatoes—Are worth 95c@$1 per bush.

Provisions—Good fresh beef, by the side, is worth 8 to 11c per lb; Mutton by the carcass 9a12c.

Wool—Is worth 30a40c ₩ lb.

Hides and Skins—Wool Skins $2a2 50 each. Hides are worth 6½a7½c per pound.

☞ The Historical *Record* says that the first experiment in supplying ice for warm countries was made by Wm. Tudor of Boston in 1805. He sent a brig of 130 tons laden with ice to Martinique and lost by the undertaking $4500. The ice was taken from Fresh Pond in Cambridge, Mass. He re-eated the experiment for several successive years with results nearly the same. In 1815 he made a contract with the government of Cuba for supplying ice to the Island, and found it profitable. In 1817 he sent ice to Savannah, and in 1820 to New Orleans. His first shipment of ice to the East Indies was in 1833. Through the business which promised so little at first, he amassed a fortune.

☞ The effect of the women's temperance reform movement is seen in the diminished sales of intoxicants by brewers and distillers. Mr. Wainwright of the Pennsylvania Legislature and a brewer, says that his sales to retailers have very much fallen off. Some of his agents who sold forty or more barrels a day before the movement began, now sell only from two to five. Large quantities are accumulating at the distilleries and breweries and manufacturers and sellers complain of dull times.

☞ Monday forenoon fire broke out in a rigging loft in Lubec, and burned the sails of the schooners Maggie Harthans, S. G. Deforest and Melrose, the cooper shop and five hundred barrels with all the stock belonging to E. W. Brown, fifty barrels of flour, two hundred bushels of corn, one fish house and a shop owned by S. Staples & Son. The value of property destroyed is $4,000; no insurance; incendiary.

Congressional Summary.

WEDNESDAY, April 29.

The House bills for the increase of national bank notes to amend the national currency act and to establish free banking were introduced and referred.

Mr. Frelinghuysenmoved to take up the Senate bill No. 1, known as the supplementary civil rights bill. Agreed to. The amendments by the Judiciary Committee were concurred in and the bill was reported to the Senate.

Mr. Frelinghuysun explained the provisions of the bill and said he invoked for it the calm, impartial, unpartizan consideration of the Senate. He asked its passage only as it should commend itself as consistent with the constitution and with justice to all classes of society. He would be glad if he who was the author of the measure (Sumner) was here to put the capstone upon the structure he was instrumental in erecting. The bill was intended to secure equal rights to the white people as well as to the colored race. It did not touch a point of social equality, as that was not an element of citizenship. The white race is the dominant race in this country and will always rule it. The strength of the strong should enure to the benefit of the weak, the wealth of the rich to help the poor.

Mr. Thurman moved to strike out the second section of the bill. This section impose a fine of $500 for any violation of the act, to be paid to the person aggrieved, and provides further that the party violating the act shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and upon conviction be fined not less than $500 nor more than $1,000 or be imprisoned not less than 30 days nor more than one year. He argued that the punishment provided was monstrous, and that besides the section provided for double punishment.

Mr. Conklin said if the Senator thought the punishment too large he could offer an amendment reducing it. The punishment was for wronging a man on account of prejudice—a prejudice which has been pretty effectually trampled out in blood upon this continent forever. There could be no excuse pleaded on account of anger, violence, drunkenness or any other cause which often times induce men to the perpetration of wrong.

House. The bill to carry into execution the 14th amendment and to define the rights of citizens in foreign countries, was taken up.

Mr. Hale of N. Y., gave notice that at the proper time he would move to lay the bill on the table. The bill then went over till to-morrow.

The House went into the Committee of the Whole, Mr. Poland in the chair on the Indian appropriation bill, and Mr. Longbridge of Iowa who had charge of the bill proceeded to give a resume of its provisions.

The speech was mainly directed to the history of the Indian wars in order to prove they were generally provoked by troops and consequently that it would be bad policy to place the Indians under the control of the War Department.

THURSDAY, April 30.

SENATE. A resolution offered by Mr. Anthony to print 2500 copies of Prof. Hayden's Report, was opposed by Mr. Sherman and others, the question of the franking privilege becoming involved in the discussion.

The resolution was finally laid over, and at the expiration of the morning hour the Senate resumed consideration of the Civil Rights bill.

Mr. Norwood spoke in opposition, devoting himself to the bill in its social aspect. He predicted ruin to that political party in this country, which prescribed that poor white men should go with the blacks, whether they desired it or not. He finally asked the indulgence of the Senate till to-morrow that he might present his views on the constitutional objections to the passage of the bill, being physically unable to-day. The bill was informally laid aside.

HOUSE. The House took up the bill to carry into execution the provisions of the 14th amendment to the Constitution, to define certain rights of citizens in foreign countries and the duties of the diplomatic and consular officers.

Mr. E. R. Hoar addressed the House in support of the bill, and in response to a criticism made by Mr. Hale of New York, yesterday. This bill, he said, did not provide that an American who entered the service of a foreign power should thereby permanently lose his citizenship. It did not say that such persons should cease to be citizens of the United States, but only that they should not be regarded as subject to the jurisdiction of the United States.

FRIDAY, May 1.

SENATE. Immediately after the reading of the journal, the Chair laid before the Senate the credentials of William B. Washburn as United States Senator from Massachusetts, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Sumner. Mr. Washburn was escorted to the Vice President's desk by his colleague (Mr. Boutwell) and the oath of office was administered.

The bill to define a gross of matches, etc., as reported by Mr. Chandler, requires all friction matches manufactured in the United States, to be put up in packages each containing either 50 or 100, or some multiple of one hundred matches, and that each package be distinctly marked with the number contained therein; also that each gross shall contain 14,400 matches.

The amendment reported to Conkling's bill for the establishment of an international commission to prescribe ocean courses for steamships, provides that no appointment be made by the President of the United States, until some other maritime power shall have signified its readiness to appoint a commissioner.

Mr. Edmunds moved that the Geneva award bill be taken up, and said that there had been much comment in regard to the delay on this bill.

Mr. Anthony suggested that two or three hours be devoted to the calendar, and the Geneva award bill be taken up afterwards. Agreed to.

The Senate then went into executive session and adjourned till Monday.

House. Mr. Poland of Vt., from the judiciary Committee, reported a bill changing the time of holding the circuit and district courts in Vermont. Passed.

Mr. Adams of Ky., made a speech ridiculing the Indian peace policy of the administration.

Mr. Shanks argued against turning over the Indians to the War Department. He believed they could be christianized and civilized, and therefore insisted they should be kept under the peace policy. He believed the Indians would have learned the Christian religion ages ago, if they had not been burned at the stake because they were not willing to be slaves, and if they had not been quarrelled with about God and his true attributes.

SATURDAY, May 2.

The bill extending a trimming patent to sewing machines was passed—95 against 85.

Twenty-six private bills were passed, including the following:

To authorize the Trustees of the Massachusetts Museum of Fine Arts to import and retain for two years, certain works of art, free of duty.

A bill extending the time of filing in suits in the Court of Claims.

Bill to establish a title to the Hot Springs reservation was objected to and not considered.

MONDAY, May 4.

SENATE. Mr. Washburne of Mass., presented a memorial of colored citizens of Virginia, received by the late Senator Sumner before his death, praying Congress to pass the civil rights bill introduced by him. Laid on the table.

Mr. Pratt, from the Pension Committee, reported with an amendment the bill amendatory of the act to amend, revise and consolidate the laws relating to pensions. Placed on the calendar. It relates to pensioners who lost an arm at or above the elbow, increasing their pensions from $18 to $24 per month.

The House having returned the bill appropriating $90,000 for the relief of persons suffering by the overflow of the Mississippi, on motion of Mr. Pease the vote by which the bill was passed was reconsidered, and that gentleman offered an amendment appropriating $250,000 instead of $90,000. Referred to the Committee on Appropriation.

The morning hour having expired, the Senate resumed the consideration of the supplementary civil rights bill, and Mr. Norwood concluded his argument against its passage. He argued that the bill was unconstitutional in its provisions.

Mr. Boutwell submitted an amendment to the civil rights bill, providing its provisions shall apply to schools and public institutions of learning or benevolence authorized by law and endorsed by the United States, or hereafter endorsed by any State or the United States.

The Chair submitted a communication from the Surgeon General, estimating the expense of publishing the medical and surgical history of thewar. The Senate at 4.30 adjourned.

HOUSE. Mr. Tyner of Indiana moved to suspend the rules and make an order an amendment to the post-office appropriation bill, limiting the free delivery system to towns and cities where there is a population of 20,000 within the corporate limits, instead of being as at present within the limits of the office delivery. Agreed to.

Mr. Averill of Minn., from the Committee on Indian Affairs, reported a bill extending to Indians the penalties provided against the liquor traffic among the Indians. Passed.

Mr. Southard of Ohio, moved to suspend the rules and adopt a resolution directing the Committee on Banking and Currency to report what legislation is necessary to secure a fair and equitable apportionment of the whole existing volume of national bank circulation among the several States and Territories according to the wealth, population and business interests.—Agreed to.

TUESDAY, May 5.

SENATE. Mr. Morrill reported back the bill appropriating $90,000 for the sufferers in Louisiana, with an amendment adding $60,000 thereto.

Mr. Sargent moved to recommit the bill to the Committee on Appropriations. Agreed to.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the supplementary civil rights bill.

Mr. Gordon gave notice he would submit an amendment to strike out the provision giving all persons full and equal enjoyment of the common schools and public institutions of learning or benevolence, supported in whole or part by general taxation.

The Senate went into executive session and subsequently adjourned.

HOUSE. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Centennial bill, appropriating $3,000,000.

Mr. Kelley of Penn., opened the debate, speaking of the celebration as a matter to which the honor of the nation was committed by both the legislative and executive departments of the government.

Mr. Kelley of Penn., spoke of $3,000,000 as a small appropriation, and felt justified in so speaking of it by the remarks of the gentleman from Maine (Hale), who had admonished the House that $10,000,000 would be claimed. The sum was small when tested by what Pennsylvania had done. It was small when compared with what France had supplied to either of the international exhibitions; of England to either of hers, and it was infinitely small compared with the expenditure of the Austrian government in support of the Vienna exhibition, yet it would be sufficient for the purpose. He ventured the prediction that the result would prove that Congress had never made a more productive investment than this three million dollars. Its influence would be felt in every State and congressional district in the country. It would stimulate commerce, improve and increase manufactures and give a new impulse to the agricultural interests of the country.

He was followed by Mr. Hale of Maine, in opposition. The latter quoted Senator Cameron's remarks, pledging his word that the people of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia would give $3,000,000 if necessary to make the exhibition creditable not only to Pennsylvania, but to the whole United States, and declaring in response to a question why an act of Congress was needed, that they only asked an act of Congress to give the enterprise character.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.

London, May 1. The *Daily News* says the "lockout" of the farm laborers will soon be submitted to arbitration for settlement.

The steamship Prussian, from Liverpool, Thursday, for Quebec, took out fifty Warwickshire farm hands and 180 children to find homes in Canada. The next steamer of the same line will carry 150 laborers from the agricultural districts.

London, May 5. General Sickles, late Minister to Spain, who has been in London some time, has left for the United States. John Jay, American Minister to Austria, is in London en route to the United States.

Spain.

Madrid, May 1. Information is received of the defeat in Tarragona of 2000 Carlists by 900 national troops.

The Republicans have lately defeated and dispersed several bodies of Carlists in Arragon and Albarete.

Bayoune, May 1. Five hundred Republican soldiers wounded before Bilboa have arrived at Santander.

Madrid, May 2. Official dispatches Saturday morning, announced that the Republican forces entered Bilboa, and that the Carlists retreated in great disorder. The news creates great excitement.

Madrid, May 4. Additional dispatches from Bilboa, state that bodies of Carlists continue to surrender to the Republican troops. They hope by so doing to receive amnesty. Bilboa is already beginning to resume its usual appearance, and trade is reviving. The obstructions placed in the river Mervion to prevent the approach of Government war vessels have been removed.

Madrid, May 4. The main body of the Carlists is at Ripoll, under Prince Alphonse. Don Carlos is at Durango. Marshal Serrano is expected at Madrid Saturday next. The inhabitants of Bilboa were without bread during the last week of the seige. The Republican troops have been victorious in several skirmishes in Andalusia, Valencia and New Castile.

Portugal.

Lisbon, May 4. Much joy was manifested by the citizens of Lisbon over the entry into Bilboa of the Spanish Republican troops. Crowds headed by bands of music paraded the streets shouting "Bilboa and Liberty!"

Turkey.

Constantinople, May 1. A famine prevails in Asia Minor, and many persons are starving. It is stated that in the town of Angira 100 deaths occur daily from starvation.

The river Tigris is again swollen by heavy rains, and further floods are apprehended.

Japan.

San Francisco, May 1. The steamer Vasco de Gama has arrived from Hong Kong and Yokohama.

The *Japan Gazette* of April 11 contains the following news:

Sharp shocks of earthquake have been felt at Hamaoa, causing great alarm among the inhabitants. Sargo, commandant of the fleet to Formosa, sailed from Yokohama on the 9th of April. There are a thousand troops in the expedition.

Yieto, late leader of the rebellion at Sagal, has been captured with nine other insurgents.

There was considerable anxiety felt at Nagasaki for the safety of the American steamer Manchu, which left there for Shanghai March 15, and had not arrived March 21. It is supposed she had to anchor on account of heavy gales.

The sugar crop on the Philippine Islands, owing to heavy rains, will be very short.

It was reported that the U. S. steamer Lackawanna would visit the Straits settlements and India, returning to Nagasaki after her cruise.

China.

Shanghae, May 3. A serious riot has occurred in the French settlement at this place. A mob of Chinese made an attack upon the residents of that quarter and sacked and burned several of their buildings. The police to quell the disturbance fired on the rioters, killing several of them. Tranquility was restored, but an uneasy feeling prevails. The Chinese assign as the reason for their attack that the French were constructing a road which interfered with their cemetery. There has been no disturbance in the English settlement.

The Dominion.

Bathurst, N. B., April 30. Gallian, a man who is on trial here for the murder of a man named Paulin, for whom he worked at Caraquet, has confessed that he did the deed at the instigation of Paulin's wife, with whom he had been improperly intimate. She had repeatedly urged him to do the murder in order that they might get married. The night before the murder she sharpened a knife and gave it to him, telling him to be on the look-out for her husband when he went to the woods for rails next day. He promised to do so and secreted the knife on his person. When he met Paulin in the woods next day he said: "Paulin, I am going to kill you." The victim, on bended knees, implored for time to confess his sins to his priest, when he would be willing to be killed at any time, or would leave the country. While Paulin was in this suppliant attitude the prisoner struck him on the head with a stick, stunning him, and finished his bloody work with an axe.

☞ There is no material change in the aspect of affairs in Arkansas. Both the Baxter and Brooks parties have received re-enforcements and maintain defiant attitudes. An armed squod from Baxter's force, last week, captured two of the Supreme Judges and carried them away into the interior where they are held as prisoners. This for the time being, prevents any action by the Supreme Court.

A squad of Gen. White's men encountered 60 of Brook's men above Arkansas Post when a skirmish ensued and it is reported that five persons were killed. Baxter's friends are in favor of referring the entire matter to the Legislature, which has been called together, but Brooks declares emphatically that he will not abide the decision. As it now appears, there is no immediate prospect of a settlement of the difficulties.

☞ Hon. Obadiah Bowne, formerly a member of Congress from New York, committed suicide last week, in a very singular manner. He called at the office of one of the New York daily papers and desired the services of a reporter for the following day, naming the hour. The reporter visited him at his home in Staten Island, at the appointed hour, when Bowne began to repeat reminiscences of Thurlow Weed, Seward, Cameron, Andrew Johnson, and other public men with whom he was at various times associated as Congressman, etc. Having completed his story he said to the reporter: "Good night; I shall be dead to-morrow." He had already taken a dose of poison from the effects of which he soon died. He left a note saying, "Let me be buried in my mother's grave. There is money enough in my pocket to pay for a plain box and the digging of the grave. The ground is mine."

SHOCKING TRAGEDY. One of the most shocking tragedies on record occurred in a little town near Pittsburg Penn., last week, five persons having been killed, and the house fired for the paltry sum of fifteen dollars! The name of the murdered family was Hammett, and the murderer was a German, by the name of Stullgent who has been arrested and has confessed the terrible crime. He was in the employ of Mr. Hammett as a farm laborer. He said he left Hammett's dwelling just before supper on the night of the murder, and went directly to the village of Homestead. He drank two glasses of beer in a saloon by the wayside, which is all the beverage he had that night. After quitting the saloon he went to a grocery store where he got some cigars, also some candy for the Hammett children. He then goes on and tells the following story:

"Just as I was leaving it came into my head that I must have Hammett's money. I thought he had a great deal of money in the house, and as I felt so queer in my head I thought I must get it. I went directly to the house, but don't know how I got there. I suppose I must have been out of my mind. After getting into the house I found Mr. and Mrs. Hammett had not come home. It occurred to me that to get money I must kill the children. I found an ax in the kitchen, and taking that with me I went up into the room over the kitchen where Robert Smith and myself slept; the bed was in the corner of the room and I saw that Robert was sleeping soundly, with his face turned toward me. I took a position at the front of the bed, and with one blow killed the boy; he never moved. I can't say how it was that the boy's throat was cut; I may have struck him twice, but he never groaned.

After the boy was dead I went into the adjoining room where Ida and little Emmie were sleeping. There were two beds in the room, one in a corner and the other, the one occupied by the children, in the centre; both of the little girls were sleeping. I crept over cautiously to where they slumbered, and I dealt Ida a fearful blow, which silenced her forever; she never moved a muscle, she was dead in a minute. I then raised the ax and struck at Emmie; she uttered a cry and I hit her the second time; she did not groan again.

After this I went down stairs and took a position just inside the door of the room adjoining the kitchen and waited for Mr. and Mrs. Hammett to come home. God knows my feelings when concealed here. I was desperate now, and thirsted for more blood. After waiting a long time I heard the footsteps of the couple coming up the lawn. They came nearer and nearer, and I clutched my ax handle tight; at last they were here. Mr. Hammett came into the room first. I was standing so that he could not see me, and I struck him from behind, using the same ax, and he fell to the floor. Mrs. Hammett then came rushing into the room, and as she passed into the door I struck her, but did not kill her. She shrieked once or twice 'Oh God, John,' and then I struck a second blow, which killed her instantly. Mrs. Hammett and baby were the only ones I struck twice—the others were killed with one blow. I used the ax all the time.

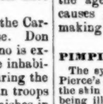
I searched Mr. Hammett's pockets and obtained his pocket-book: it contained only fifteen dollars in paper money. I found Mrs. Hammett's pocket-book on the sewing machine; there was only fifty cents in it. I looked over the house, but all the money I got was fifteen dollars. I never had any ill feelings toward the Hammetts. I always liked the little children and always bought them candy when I went to Homestead. The boy Smith and I were good friends, and I always liked Mr. and Mrs. Hammett.

☞ A woman in Brooklyn whose husband died a drunkard, has recently sent her little boy round to the drinking saloons on Sunday, to glean testimony against the keepers for violating the Sunday law. When the cases came up for trial the boy could not be found, and it is supposed that he has been kidnapped through the agency of the liquor dealers. The affair causes great excitement and the police are making every effort to work up the case.

Special Notices.

The Foremost Tonic of the Age.

Taking into consideration the character of its vouchers, the history of its cures, and its immense annual sales, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters may be fairly entitled the Foremost Tonic of the Age. It is not only a tonic but a constitutional and local alterative, and its tendency is to substitute healthy for disordered action throughout the system. When the stomach is feeble and torpid it produces a vitalizing impression upon its mucous tissues. No sooner has the dyspeptic swallowed a dose of it than he realizes by his sensations that his stomach has received an accession of vigor. It increases the desire for food and the ability to digest and assimilate it. If the liver is derelict it improves the condition of the organ and imparts to it a new and healthful impulse. The bowels being obstructed, it promotes the flow of the bile into the intestinal canal and thereby relieves them and re-establishes their natural action. Its effect upon the brain, the nerves and the kidneys is equally salutary. In short, it tones, alters and regulates the whole system.



Centaur Liniments

allay pain, subdue swellings, heal burns, and will cure rheumatism, spavin, and any flesh, bone or muscle ailment. The White Wrapper is for family use; the Yellow Wrapper is for animals. Price 50 cents; large bottles $1. 1y20

Children Cry for Castoria.—Pleasant to take—a perfect substitute for Castor Oil, but more efficacious in regulating the stomach and bowels. 1y20

Edey's Carbolic Troches.—Among the various remedies for Coughs none enjoy a higher reputation than Edey's Carbolic Troches. This fact places them above the ordinary list of medical preparations. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and as a disinfectant and preventive against contagious diseases they are a specific. Invaluable to singers and public speakers. Sold everywhere. JOHN F. EDEY & Co., Proprietors, 8 and 9 College Place, New York. 10z

Economy, comfort, looks, all combine to make SILVER TIPPED Shoes indispensable for children. Try them. Never wear through at the toe. 4t20

ENGLISH CHANNEL PRETTY WOMEN always like a neat foot, and buy nothing but ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes. Ask your dealer for them. A dark line around the sole near the edge shows where the channel is cut. They never wear ragged. 2t23

To Naturalize Offensiveness,

In many forms we see displeasing agents. Impure breath, caused by bad teeth, tobacco, spirits, or catarrh, is neutralized by SOZODONT. 'Tis a healthful beautifier, and a great luxury as a dentrifrice. The repulsive breath by its use rendered as fragrant as a rose, and coldness by friends or lovers will be no longer noticed.

Spaulding's Glue mends everything.

☞ We have frequently spoken a favorable word for the Blanchard Churn. It is a pleasure to commend an article that is exactly what it is represented to be. They are made only by Porter Blanchard's Sons, Concord, N. H. Kendall & Whitney, Portland, General Agents for Maine.

Married.

In Montville, 28th ult., by Rev. W. J. Clifford, F. A. Stevens of Oldtown, to S. D. Dickinson of Montville.

In Wilton, 4th inst., by R. B. Fuller, Esq., H. Orlando Foster to Mary J. Phinney, both of Wilton.

In Bath, 2d inst., Robert T. Crommett to Emma J. Clark, both of Bath.

In Phippsburg, 3d ult., Charles Rollins to Clara Blaisdell.

In Camden, 4th ult., Grant Scott of Camden, to Lydia H. Carleton of Jackson; 17th ult., Charles F. Edgecome to Vester M. Gilpa-rick, both of Lisbon.

In Waterville, 24th ult., Fesenaden Colcord to Annie M. Green, both of Fairfield.

In Moscow, 18th ult., Thomas Holmes of Moscow, to Elmira Piper of Cornville.

In Anson, 27th ult., John Skilling, 3d. to Desire E. Towns, both of Embden.

Died.

In this city, 30th ult., Julia A., wife of T. N. Furbush, aged 55 years, 8 days.

In this city, 5th inst., at the house of P. P. Getchell Chestnut street, Joanna B., widow of the late Samuel Crowell, aged 65 years.

In this city, 4th inst., Robert Fisher, aged 77 years, and 6 months.

In this city, 29th ult., Flora Belle, daughter of Joseph and Esther Whitney, aged 5 months, 20 days.

In Boothbay, (Hodgdon's Mills), 23d ult., Caleb Hodgdon, aged 90 years.

In Wiscasset, 1st inst., Hattie L., wife of Edward B. Neal, aged 31 years.

At Soldier's Hospital, Washington, D. C., 14th ult., William Hubbard, late of Co. B, 19th Me. Regiment, aged 47 years.

In Hallowell, 30th ult., very suddenly of cerebro spinal meningitis, Ezekiel Blake, aged 68 years and 10 months.

In Manchester, 29th ult., suddenly of heart disease, John Hewins, aged 75 years.

DR. SCHENK'S STANDARD REMEDIES! THE standard remedies for all diseases of the lungs are SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SCHENCK'S SEA-WEED TONIC and SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, and if taken before the lungs are destroyed, a speedy cure is effected.

To those three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivalled success in the treatment of pulmonary diseases.

The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs; nature throws it off by an easy expectoration, for when the phlegm or matter is ripe a slight cough will throw it off, the patient has rest and the lungs begin to heal.

To enable the Pulmonic Syrup to do this, Schenck's Mandrake Pills and Schenck's Sea-weed Tonic must be freely used to cleanse the stomach and liver. Schenck's Mandrake Pills act on the liver, removing all obstructions, relax the gall bladder, the bile starts freely, and the liver is soon relieved.

Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is a gentle stimulant and alterative; the alkali of which it is composed mixes with the food, and prevents souring. It assists the digestion, by toning up the stomach to a healthy condition, so that the food and Pulmonic Syrup will make good blood; then the lungs heal, and the patient will surely get well if care is taken to prevent fresh cold.

Dr. Schenck can be consulted at the Quincy House, Boston, on Wednesday, March 25th, April 8th and 22d, May 13th and 27th.

Advice will be given free, but for a thorough examination with the Respirometer, the charge is $5.00.

Schenck's Medicines are sold by all Druggists throughout the country.

Schenck's Almanac can be had of all Druggists, free. 1y16

Silver Eagle Plow!

DON'T buy a Plow until you have seen Circular of the Silver Eagle. Forwarded FREE.

Fred Atwood, Winterport, Me.,

GENERAL AGENT.

Agents Wanted

20tf

Augusta Savings Bank.

Organized in 1848.

DEPOSITS of any amount received from one dollar upwards, and interest payable twice a year, Feb. and Aug. Interest not drawn out is added to the deposit, thus making COMPOUND INTEREST.

Interest begins on the first day of each month. Money deposited on or before the *tenth day* of each month, will draw interest from the *first day* of the same month.

☞ The law passed by the last Legislature *exempts from municipal taxation*, all deposits in Savings Banks Under this law, *this Bank will guarantee to depositors* interest at the rate of six ₩ cent., payable semi-annually, FREE FROM TAXES.

No returns of names of depositors are required to be made to State or town authorities, and all accounts are held by this Bank to be *strictly private* and *confidential*.

Married women and persons under age can deposit money in their own names, so that it can be drawn only by themselves, or on their order.

Especial advantages offer ed to Executors, Guardians, Trustees, and others having in charge Trust Funds.

WM. R. SMITH, Treasurer.

Augusta, April 27, 1874. 23tf

Jersey Stock and Chester Piggs.

Poetry.

THE LOST SHEEP.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
And one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare—
Away from the tender shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the shepherd made answer, "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be dark and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere he found the sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder riven,
And from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice for the Lord brings back his own!"

Our Story Teller.

Granny Carrigan's Cap-Box.

My wife's cousin was a slender, old-fashioned looking girl, with quiet, retiring manners, and a habit of gliding about with almost noiseless movements. I used to call her the little grey ghost.

It seemed to me, when my wife first broached the subject, a Quixotic notion to take the girl home with us, but Nellie's heart is so large, and so loving!

"Just think of the poor child alone in that wilderness!" she said, with pitying eyes; "and we have plenty and to spare."

"So has Aunt Cheney."

"Yes, but she lives in the backwoods, as solitary a place as can be found. The poor child has had no mother for years; her father has been an invalid ever since she was ten years old, and now he has gone, it does seem hard she should be condemned to solitude and old Aunt Cheney. At least, let us invite her to come for a season. Let us give her a few months of pleasure, poor child! She will be so delighted, so astonished with this bewildering New York."

I consented, of course, as good husbands are in duty bound to do, and on a certain October afternoon, drove to the station for my wife's cousin. I knew her the moment she made her appearance, though I had never seen her before. The little creature appealed to my sympathy at once by her indescribably forlorn appearance. So small, so white, so timid! her lustrous grey eyes, her only beauty, roving around startled to unwonted lustre.

"Is this Susy Myriam?" I asked.

"Yes; I was beginning to feel a little frightened at the confusion," she said; "you are Cousin Nellie's husband."

I led her away from the crowd, and she was silent and strange the whole way home, utterly pre-occupied with the sights to be seen at all hours in our great metropolis.

From that time Susie was one of us—I mean in all that pertains to the manners and customs of the household, and yet I never could feel any nearer degree of friendship than that with which I welcomed her the first day to our pleasant home.

"She is so handy," said my wife. "You don't know how many things she does, and yet I can't prevail upon her to take a single present from me."

"She don't care for little vanities," I said.

"Don't she? she's as fond of nice things as anybody. I've found that out; but she has an absurd notion that unless she earns costly jewels, she won't wear them; won't be dependent even on me for the most trifling ornaments She admired the little, old-fashioned pearl brooch that you always liked so well, and I offered it to her. No, insist as I might, I could not prevail on her to accept it. I have tried again and again to tempt her, for really, I have so many useless things that I don't wear at all, but its no manner of use. She's the most obstinate little creature I ever saw."

Time passed, and I became accustomed to the slight dry figure sitting beside my wife, or flitting about like a contented ghost. Wife had found a companion for her solitary hours, and I was glad. Together they haunted the picture-galleries, the art saloons; together they shopped, drove in the park, or lunched.

"Whom do you think we met to-day?" wife asked me one evening when we were alone together. "Of all men in the world, Harry Lonsdale, whom I haven't seen since he returned from Europe, and he has a picture at Lozier's that everybody is going wild over. It is a beautiful thing—you know I could talk art-jargon, but it satisfied me as pictures seldom do. When I saw him, he seemed quite as much absorbed in studying Susie as she was in studying his picture. You don't know how pretty she looked. You needn't smile, John, for her eyes would redeem any face. Suddenly Harry saw me, and came straight to where we stood. I told him how glad I was to know he was getting famous, but he only nodded, and said eagerly:

"'That young lady seemed to be rather interested—I am flattered.'

"Yes, that's my Cousin Susie," I replied.

"'Your cousin! pray introduce me,' and—John, as sure as you live, that will be a match."

"'Nonsense,'" was my rejoinder. I knew Harry Lonsdale, and Susie was not by any means his ideal. Harry liked dashing, handsome girls, vivacious, magnetic; girls of the Tresylian style, with oval faces, languishing eyes and haughty lips. He had sketched such to me by the hour, and I knew some of the young ladies with whom he was on very friendly terms. The idea of his fancying this cold grey little creature, with no figure to boast of, and a manner so quiet that she was seldom noticed at all, was preposterous.

"It flattered him to see her absorbed by his picture," I said; "only praise him and I'm not sure but Beelzebub himself might hold him in the chains of eternal friendship. Harry Lonsdale is the vainest man I ever saw for a man who really is a great genius."

"Well, we'll see," said my wife, with that confident little nod of hers. "It will be sufficient punishment for your unbelief if I only have the chance to say some time 'I told you so.'"

To my great astonishment Harry called at our house three evenings out of the week, after that, and under the influence of his presence that little grey cousin grew positively beautiful. I noticed a change in her deportment. She seemed at times more pre-occupied; at others, elated, mirthful, almost wildly happy; particularly on those days when it seemed probable Harry would come. I began to share in my wife's anticipations, began to watch Harry. He did seem exactly like an imprisoned lover.

About this time, my wife said to me one day that Susie was receiving letters from some far off friend.

"I noticed when they come; sometimes I hand them to her, that she never mentions them again. Shouldn't you think she would speak about them?" asked my wife.

Susie's movements were now of importance in my eyes. How had that plain little girl contrived to captivate handsome popular Harry Lonsdale, the most exacting fellow in his relations with women I ever knew? The thing certainly was done.

Susie came out in a new character. Her grey dresses were brightened with exquisite bits of color. She spoke to my wife of needing new dresses, and to Nellie's astonishment bought herself several. Then came ornaments, few, but choice and costly.

"Where do you suppose she gets the money?" asked Nelly.

"How do we know but she may be rich and eccentric?" was my response. "You pitied her and thought her a poor lone girl, but her father may have possessed property to a large amount for all we can tell."

Nellie shook her wise head.

"I don't believe he left a cent—indeed, what am I saying? it is a matter of certainty that he did not, for Susie told me so herself. Besides, she would have got fine things fast enough scores of times. I've seen the look in her eye when I have been shopping at Stewart's, suggestive of emptiness of pocket and anguish of spirit—for you see now what lovely taste she has. But I wish she wasn't such a secret thing, that's what torments me; I do like to be confided in."

What followed made that conversation memorable. Some months previous I had received the sum of three thousand dollars for a small piece of land. This money or a part of it, I had occasion to use. I went up to the closet in my room, one side of which served as a safe. To my utter astonishment, the money was not there. I searched the closet through, and then called my wife for a consultation.

Together we looked in every available place—cleared the shelves of the library, searched through all the closets, bureaus, boxes, trunks and nooks that the house afforded, but in vain, the money was gone; no signs of bank bills anywhere.

"Where could you have put them?" asked my wife, tired and discouraged.

"I put them in that closet; my key has been in that little box on the end of the mantelpiece; I have never been to the closet since I left the money there, but some one else has, it seems."

"None of the servants but old Hester ever comes into this room," murmured Nellie, "and I would stake my life on her honesty."

"Of course, and so would I."

"Three thousand dollars; why, John, that's a large sum to lose."

"Large or small, it's gone."

"But where?" my wife queried, perplexed and anxious. "Who could have known it was there? Have you ever spoken of money before anybody? People will do such miserably strange things sometimes."

"Yes, I have spoken of having that amount by me, two or three times, but no one was present but you and Susie. It was an abominable careless thing to do, leaving it lying loose instead of putting it in the bank, as I should." Day after day we looked for the money, speaking of our suspicions to no one, until finally we gave it up for lost. A week after this, Nellie came to my room with a pale face.

"It's so strange," she murmured, "and I do hate to have such thoughts; but John, where could Susie have got that splendid solitaire?" she half-whispered.

"What solitaire?" I asked.

"You have not seen it? she wore it to-day for the first time."

"I suppose she's engaged—Harry gave it to her," I suggested.

"But Harry didn't give it to her. I asked her, and she said no."

"The deuce!" was all I could say.

"And John, it really looks alarming, the number of costly things she has been buying of late. Thirty dollars for a parasol, only think! and mine didn't cost twenty; a box of the daintiest gloves, everything by the dozen."

We looked at each other in silence.

"About the richest black silk you ever saw—better than mine. The material must have cost a hundred dollars; what will the dress come to when it is made up?"

"What can it all mean?" I queried.

"Don't ask me; I'm heart-sick at the thought of it. It's a mistrable business, can it be possible?—but no, I won't say it. Certain it is that she has some business relations with some one in this city. Half the letters she posts are not Harry's.

"I wonder if the fellow loves her?"

"Loves her, he worships her."

"And he will make her his wife?"

"Of course he will."

"What is our duty in that case, do you think, Nellie?"

"For heaven's sake say nothing about it, John. Remember she is my cousin, and it isn't as if we were poor. I'd rather lose five thousand than to have any trouble of that kind."

"It's terribly unpleasant," said I.

"Of course it is—horrible. And she's so happy, so thoroughly happy, that it would be a pleasure to look at her, if one didn't think, didn't dread—oh John! John!" and poor Nellie hid her face in her hands.

And still the purchases continued. Nellie and I said nothing—never asked a question now, but we were all the time watching, miserable and unhappy.

Susie must have noticed the change in us, but she was so preoccupied with her love that she probably attributed it to some other cause.

Harry was now a constant visitor. He came to my office one day, and with an almost radiant face, told me of his love for my wife's cousin. "I hope you do not object," he added, when I had heard him through.

"Why should I?" I asked; "She's only Nellie's cousin."

"Hang it man, you're cool enough about it, anyway," he said. "Can't you get up a little enthusiasm when a fellow is half beside himself with happiness? You don't want her to go, eh?"

"I am quite willing," I answered, "but I confess there's no accounting for tastes. She is very far from the person I fancied would be the choice of my fastidious friend, Harry Lonsdale."

"Ah, you are thinking of our old discussions—but let me tell you, she is perfectly beautiful in my sight, and little short of a divinity. Her eyes are certainly glorious, and then, her charming winning little ways and her perfect taste! Jove! what exquisite taste."

"That's true," said I.

"Well, come, old fellow, I'm glad to hear you own up to something. I'll be blest if I shouldn't think, you were in love with her yourself."

My answer quite satisfied him: "If I were single, and she the only woman in the world, I wouldn't marry her."

"Whew! well that's what I call a trifle decided," he said, and went off out of temper.

Several weeks passed. Susie had notified my wife of her engagement. She could not but be aware of the constraint in our manner.

Nellie and I frequently had little talks together over the matter, in which we commented upon the strange good luck that had seemingly overtaken Miss Susie. The disappearance of my three thousand dollars, and her sudden accession of costly dresses and jewelry, did look, to say the least, suspicious.

One day on my return home, my wife informed me that Susie was intending to leave us.

"She came to me this morning," continued Nellie, "and told me that Aunt Cheney had written, saying that she wished her to return; and as she had a great deal to do, she thought it better to have the wedding outfit made there. I said to her, "we thought you would be married from here, Susie." She looked strange for a moment, for she must have seen how little heart there was in my words. Then she said Aunt Cheney expected the ceremony to take place there; had, in fact, been making great preparations. Besides, she quite wanted to see Aunty's withered old face—and there she choked. So she is going to-morrow night, and is packing now."

I would have given the world to be able to say I was sorry, but the truth is, her presence had become hateful to me; I wanted her to be gone.

We were very polite to the last. I saw Susie off in company with my wife. Harry went with her, the happiest man I ever saw.

It was a relief to behold her vacant chair, her place at the table, to miss her gliding movements, and feel that we could talk and do as we pleased, with no spy or eavesdropper in the way. Nellie missed her for a time, and often talked and wondered about her. She answered her first letter, and declined to attend her wedding, but the second letter remained unanswered.

Not a great while after that, Harry took a house in the city for his bride, and I saw him occasionally. Towards his wife I entertained a feeling of strong aversion. It was she who had broken up the dear old intimacy, for Harry and I had been famous friends, and now he never called at the office.

We often heard of Mrs. Lonsdale's receptions, her dinners, her perfect taste, her fascinating manners, but we never called.

It was late in the following season before we prepared to take our annual flitting into the country. I had sent most of the household goods, which always accompanied us, and gathered enough together for the final load. Nellie came up to inspect them.

"Where in the world did you find that old cap-box?" she asked, laughing, "and why have you installed it on the top of all the other packages?"

"Don't you know the box, Nellie?" I replied; "it was grandmother Carrigan's, the very one in which she used to put her old black cap. Why, I can see her face in it this moment,—and—what upon earth?" I exclaimed cutting short my speech.

My wife had pulled off the deep cover of the box with some exertion, and there, snugly packed together, staring us in the face, were the missing bank notes.

Nellie and I stood dumb with dismay, looking first at the box and then at each other.

"Oh John! poor dear, innocent Susie!" was her first exclamation.

"What witchery is this?" I responded; "how under the sun did that money get there?"

"John, dear, how unjust we have been!"

"Don't make me think any more meanly of myself," said I. "I could sell John Carrington, money and all, for sixpence."

"John, what could she have thought of us?"

"Suppose you go and ask her, dear?"

"I will; I'll go right there, John; I wouldn't have this weight on my conscience an hour longer for more than twice that miserable money."

Let us give the conclusion in Nellie's words: "I went to the house—you've no idea what a beautiful little palace of a place it is, John, and I asked the maid for Mrs. Lonsdale. The girl showed me into such a perfect drawing-room!—blue furniture, dear; I'll have blue the next year—and I sat there, trembling like the culprit I felt myself. When I heard footsteps, my strength quite deserted me, but I clinched my hands and sat up straight. Presently, Susie came in.

"'My dear cousin!" she exclaimed, in her soft, musical voice—'then you found the money!'"

"Imagine my consternation! Not a word could I say, I was so shocked to think she knew.

"'Don't look so distressed,' she said gently; 'don't feel troubled about it. It was quite natural—perhaps. Mistakes will happen in the best regulated families,' she added, smiling."

"And you really knew about it?"

"'Yes, I overheard you once, without meaning to, but I was too proud to notice it in the least. I only began planning how I should get away and keep the knowledge from Harry.'

"What! you never told him?"

"'Never; why should I? I only led him to think that you were not agreeable to me—forgive me, but how could I help it, smarting under such an indignity. But you have not said whether you found the money.'

"Yes, yes we have, and cousin Susie, you are an angel,' I said:

'Very far from that,' said Susie, smiling. 'I have often tried to excuse you to myself, for circumstances were certainly against me, particularly when I spent so lavishly. I could not explain the reason then; I can now. My half-brother forged papa's name for a few thousand dollars, years ago. My father, for my sake, and the honor of the family, let him go clear with his ill-gained booty.

"Some months ago, he, learning that papa was dead, refunded me the money by instalments, pledging me to secrecy, as he did not wish it known even that he was in existence. So I kept the secret, because I promised him I would. One week ago I received news of his death.'"

"And so," concluded my wife, "I asked her forgiveness for our unjust suspicions, and—I—I tell you, John, she is an angel."

I had no doubt of it. But how did that money get in my old granny's cap-box? From that day to this I have never learned, and it will probably always remain a mystery.

Ralston Wouldn't buy those Pups.

The San Francisco *Chronicle*, of the 6th, contains the following narrative of man's depravity and a bank officer's acuteness: "On Saturday afternoon a curious-looking individual presented himself at the Bank of California and demanded to see Mr. Ralston. From the dress and appearance of the man one would scarcely be led to suppose that he came in for the purpose of engineering a financial negotiation. On his right arm, however, was a large basket of remarkably fine and small spotted pups, whose heads stuck out in all directions from the edge of the basket. In a few minutes a man with nicely-brushed hair and soft, gliding step, came out and informed the man that he might come in. In a moment more he advanced with a brisk step and moved within the sacred and charmed circle where thousands and thousands of clinking gold twenties jostled and made music with their tplows. But the noise occasioned by the clink of wealth did not seem to attract his attention, and, without seeming to think that the place on which he stood was "holy ground," he walked into the private office of the millionaire and deposited his basket of spotted bull pups on the floor with the remark: "There's them pups, Ralston." At the sight of the canine beauties the eyes of the banker glistened with pleasure, and he leaned over to inspect them. Then the pup-fancier turned the basket upside down, and in an instant the whole litter were running over the soft carpet and gamboling with delight.

"Now, just look at 'em," remarked the man, waving his hand over the group; "the finest strain, barrin' nun, that ever yelped in this town you betcher. Now, I want to sell ye the whole lot, and knowin' that you're a little hard up, and strugglin' to keep a large family runnin', I'll put 'em down where ye can reach 'em without strainin' your elbow. How much for the lot, the whole of 'em, just as they are?"

"Well, Jack," replied the money king, "you know how I'm situated now—times mighty hard; stocks down; money market depressed, and this new issue of greenbacks, you know, takes the underpinning out of things, you know."

"Yes," replied the dog-seller with considerable deliberation, "I took all 'em things into consideration, ye see, and concluded I wouldn't put the screws on ye very heavy on that account. I'll slam the price down and chuck ye the whole lot for say—a—a——" Here the man paused and hesitated, while he looked the banker in the eye and seemed to wait for him to say something. There was an unpleasant pause.

"Well," said Ralston, "I guess the price you named is about the thing, don't you?" turning to a *Chronicle* reporter on his right who had been waiting for some time to negotiate a trifling loan of $100,000. The reporter thought so, too. Well, all right, so the whole lot of those fine bull pups go for the low bedrock-price of $75.

"*Seventy-five dollars!* Great God, man! such a sum, in these times, for six spotted pups. Ain't you joking?"

"Now, look here," pleaded the dog trader, "if you can git any such pups as them for the same amount of coin, I'll pay for um and eat um raw; yes, eat um raw by ——."

"But dogs, my man, ain't in the demand they used to be. Dogs are quite common now, you know, and getting cheaper every year."

"That's so, for the common breed of pups; but for this yer kind of spotted pups, not snatched up on every bush—the finest strain, as I said before, barrin' nun that ever wagged his trotter in the town, for coin—all the coin you can put up," roared the man, quite excited.

"I know, but these spots are not regular spots, are they? But it strikes me there is something of an artificial cast about these spots," and with remarkable deliberation the banker lifted one on his knee and began to examine it with great deliberation with a magnifying glass, such as are generally used as a counterfeit detector. "It strikes me, Jack, these spots are dyed, put on with a brush?" The dog fancier did not remain after this announcement, but got down on the floor and began to scramble about under the chairs after his spotted pups, which he caught, and, replacing them in his basket, started off. "Hold on, Jack," yelled the banker, laughing heartily, you go over and sell these pups to Sam Butterworth, and I'll pay you all he does for 'em." "Sam Butterworth h——l; do ye s'pose Sam Butterworth don't know a painted pup the minute he sees one. I tried him about half hour ago, and he sent me round to you."

In another instant the man had vanished, taking his painted dogs with him.

Cushing and Choate.

Old Squire Garrish, of Newburyport, Mass., is a genial soul, who has a host of legal reminiscences. An intimate friend of Webster, Edward Everett and Rufus Choate, and a law partner of Caleb Cushing, he had a rare opportunity of collecting anecdotes and details that are very interesting now. When connected with Cushing a time came when those two Titans, Choate and Cushing, were on opposite sides in an important suit. On the day when the case was called, the court room was crowded. A battle between such men was a novelty, even in that epoch of brains. To the amazement of judge, jury and spectators, both Cushing and Choate were somewhat anxious for a "continuance"—in other words for a postponement of trial. As a useful thing both gentlemen were always anxious to force a case to trial, being in a state of "chronic preparation," as Webster once said in speaking of Choate. In going out of court, says Mr. Garrish, I met Choate, and said: "How is it that you were ready for a continuance to-day? It is a little odd of you."

Choate replied: "Oh, I am a little pressed with business, and can afford to let this case stand over."

Said I: "Choate, this is sheer nonsense. I'll tell you what the matter is; you are afraid of Cushing."

"So I am," was the reply; "and I am not ashamed to own it, either."

"Well, well," said I, "this is pretty good. The idea of Rufus Choate being frightened. What on earth do you fear in Cushing?"

"Mr. Garrish, I will tell you. I am afraid of his overwhelming knowledge of the law."

In the afternoon Cushing came into the office. I went for him at once. "Caleb, wast was the matter to-day? Why don't you insist on trying that case?"

"Oh!" he replied, "the weather is warm, and we have much to attend to, and I did't care to hurry matters."

"Now, Cushing, be honest; were you not a little afraid of Choate?"

"Well, Garrish, to be candid about it, I was. Are you satisfied now?"

I then inquired what he feared Choate for. "Do you think," said I, "that he knows any more law than you do?"

"No, sir, I don't," was the answer; "but I'm afraid of the rascal's influence with a jury, right or wrong."

And there it was. The two men had been so often associated that each knew the other's strong points and felt timid.

Measurement of Grain.

A bushel of wheat in New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, Massachusetts, Kentucky, New Jersey, Vermont, Missouri and Canada, is sixty pounds. In Connecticut it is fifty-six pounds. Rye is fifty-six pounds to the bushel in all the States named but Illinois, where it is fifty-four. Corn is fifty-six pounds to the bushel in all the States named but New York, where it is fifty-eight, and Missouri, where it is fifty-two. Barley is forty-eight pounds to the bushel in New York, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, Kentucky, New Jersey and Canada. In Pennsylvania it is forty-seven; in Illinois forty-four; in Massachusetts forty-six, and in Vermont forty-six.

☞ A young girl who had an offer of marriage which she wished to accept, submitted the matter to her father, who advised her against matrimony, using as an argument the quotation from St. Paul, "They who marry do well, but they who do not do better." "Well," said the damsel, "I love to do well; let those do better who can."

☞ "Be jabers, I don't believe we are goin' to have any Spring this Winter," was the mournful remark of a disgusted son of Hibernia the other day, as he stood on Middle street, with his hands deep in his pockets, and his coat collar turned up over his ears, watching the descending snowflakes.

Our Young Folks' Column.

A LITTLE SONG.

When little hands are clean and white,
And little faces sweet and bright,
The little hearts are glad and light.

When little eyes have learned to read
What little minds should early heed,
How fast will spring truth's precious seed!

When little lips speak words of praise,
And little feet tread wisdom's ways,
How good and happy are the days!

Life is made up of little things,
The flower that blooms, the bird that sings,
And every hour has angel-wings.

Weary Tim.

This is how I came to find Tim: One July evening I was passing by a dark alley of our great metropolis. My duties over for the day, I hastened to be rid of the streets; and as I hurried on, with eager foot, the sweet sound of a child voice, singing, floated out to me from an open window.

"There is rest for the weary," croned the little voice. Then followed other words, but ever the same "refrain," pathetic on young lips and I turned aside, if haply I might cheer the tired little one who sang of rest. Guided by the voice, I climbed a dark, narrow stair; then I found myself in a dingy little room, and, crouched on his hands and knees in a trundle-bed, in the corner, was Tim.

I suppose he might have lived in this world a dozen years or so, yet here were no round outlines of the boy-face, but hollow cheeks, and shadows about the eyes, touched by the hand of pain. The furnishing of the room was scant enough. Two crazy chairs, an old seachest, a rickety table drawn up close to the bed, on which was arranged his food for the day (a cup of milkless tea and a piece of dry bread), one or two cracked specimens of crockery in a rack, a minute teapot, a kettle with a broken spout, and the wretched bed on which Tim crouched. The narrow slip of window was begrimed with filth, but by dint of much craning of the neck, it was just possible through the top pane to gain a glimpse of God's sky. Poor Tim! little wonder he was weary!

"Left all alone, my boy?"

"Yes, sir. Brother Jim, he sweeps a crossin'. A kind lady gives little Aggie her dinner, and keeps her at school all day; and mother hawks small wares. But evenin' brings 'em all home, and mother lights the fire, and sets the tea to draw, and its lively-like then."

"Do I weary sometimes? Well, sir, happen I do, now and then. You see, I get werry tired allus a sittin' on my knees and elbows, and yet (with a sad half-sigh) I allus must. It hurts so cruel to lie on my back, and wus still when I rolls on my side. But when I'm at my worries I think, well, there must be somethin' good even in the pain God lets be. That stands to reason, sir, don't it?"

How long had he been thus? "One, two, three years. When quite a little 'un, sir, I fell down a cruel pair of stairs, and arter that I didn't grow right anyhow. Still, though I was but a little 'un I could walk then, and when I were six year old I went to work turnin' a 'baccs wheel. Too young to work, sir, did you say? Oh! no; a baby could turn a 'bacca wheel; and I allus could earn my shillin' to help mother, who needed it sorely; for father had died then. But each month I kept a growin' weaker and weaker, till at last I couldn't draw my poor legs arter me, and mother had to carry me to my work of a mornin'. Then my back grew that bad, I could hardly set up to turn the wheel; and one mornin' I fell off my seat, of a heap like, on to the floor; and master, he says: 'I'm, you are not fit for work; you must not come again. 'And he paid me a fortnight's wages, and bade a man carry me home. Oh! when I was first set down here I were that vexed 'cause I could no longer help mother I thought I'd ha' cried my heart out.

"Well, sir, when I was took so bad, mother get an order, and I was sent to the hospital for sick children. Ah! that were a beautiful place! Every-thing so clean and pretty, and kind doctors and nurses a-walkin' round and trying to cheer up everybody about them.

"Ladies used to come, too, and read them beautiful words out of the Testament about Christ havin' compassion on the sick and healin' of 'em. Howsomever, though he healed other sick children, he didn't heal me. Not but that he was as sorry for me as for them, but he had a different way of showin' his feelin' for me. I had not been long in the hospital when the doctors came one mornin' to my bedside, and run long needles into my legs all over 'em'. "Do you feel that, my boy?' says one. 'No, sir; I feels nothin.' Then the gray-haired one shook his head and said in a low tone to the others; 'Hopeless case; back been broken from infancy.' They thought as how I didn't understand 'em, but I did; and when they were all gone I turned my face to the pillow and cried alone a bit that no doctor could set me on my legs again but One, and he wouldn't—least ways not yet awhile. Then they wrote 'Incurable' in large letters on the card, and stuck it over my bed, and mother fetched me home.

"Yes, sir; I was sorry to leave the hospital, for everything was so clean and comfortable, and the children all round in their little cots was company-like. Well, yes, 'tis lonesome sometimes; but I can read large print, and the children on the stair run in and out. Night's my worst time. You see, sir, we've just one bed, and mother and Jim and Aggie they sleep where I am now, and they lays me across the foot, and sometimes they kick me a'most to pieces. It's in their sleep, sir; they can't help it. What do I think most about as I lie? Well, I mostly thinks on the other world—there's no night there. The doctor says happen I'll go when the first snow comes." And Tim's face brightened at the bright prospect. The other world, vague and shadowy to the best of us, was a real country of unfading sunlight to Tim.

"But I must wait quiet," he resumed, after a long, reflective pause, "till my time comes. It's a sin to weary, isn't it, sir? For things must be best as they are, or the good God wouldn't let 'em be. I know that much."

The lonely child that, out of my usual beat, I had thus stumbled on, interested me not a little. At all events I could, so far as in me lay, alleviate the patient little sufferer's sufferings. A bed was procured for him, so that the misery of sleepless nights was no longer enhanced by the kicking and plunging of uneasy slumberers. When I found the boy it was the time of roses and all sweet flowers, and I had his narrow window filled with the beautiful blooms. Greatly did Tim delight himself in those flowers. "Ain't they beautiful?" he would exclaim enthusiastically.

The days sped on. I often saw Tim. I went ostensibly to give him a reading lesson; but in reality he was the teacher, and he taught me how perfect faith that God's way is always the best way, and upholds and strengthens the spirit of a child to bear a load of daily trial under which strong men would faint and fall. Months rolled on, and as the days grew dark and chill, Tim's little stock of strength diminished. His thin cheeks grew yet thinner, and his eyes were ever more weary with longing for the "land that is very far off." I should soon lose sight of Tim in the glory of the other side.

At the beginning of winter I was called from home. Before I started on my journey I went to say good-by to Tim.

At the time of which I speak texts of Scripture, illumined in green and gold and purple letters upon cards, were much in vogue. Tim who delighted in bright colors, would, I well knew, like one to hang within sight. So I asked him what text I should send him. A pause of careful consideration—then, in his slow, decided way, "His tender mercies are over all his works." Tim's choice of text touched me. Here was a child who had never known the merry, restless movements and mirth of childhood, but whose days and nights were one wearing ache—who had none of the alleviations wealth can purchase for its sick but whose daily fare was scant and coarse. Yet in the midst of all the hard and unlovely conditions of his life, still he knew that "His tender mercies are over all his works."

I selected the prettiest card I could see with the foregoing words illuminated on it, and sent it to Tim. I had been away a fortnight when a letter from home informed me that Tim was rapidly sinking, and had expressed a strong desire to see me. I started at once on my journey, but, fast as the express-train whirled me along, Death traveled faster; and when I got to Tim's home, I found that, a few hours before my arrival, he had gone to the city where "there is no night."—*Good Words.*

☞ One of the prominent physicians of Boston was accosted by his son, with, "Father, do you think Bill Hoar will get Mr. Sumner's place in the Senate?" The father replied, "Why, what do you mean?" "I mean will Bill Hoar be elected to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Sumner's death?" "My son," replied the father, "there is no such person as 'Bill' Hoar; and if there was, that is not the proper way for you to speak of him. You should be more respectful." "Why, father," said the boy, "that's the way Mr. Sumner spoke of him himself." "I don't understand what you mean," answered the father. Then the boy explained: "I read it in all the papers that Mr. Sumner said to Mr. Hoar, 'Take care of my civil rights, Bill'"

☞ Joaquin Miller found Geneva full of his countrymen, and asked to be taken to some place where there were no Americans. The boatman looked at him for a moment, then hopelessly up and down the lake, and away across toward Mont Blanc, and at last shook his head; but suddenly a new idea seemed to strike him, and he lifted his eyes toward Heaven.

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April 13, 1874. 20 Supt. City Farm.

Improve Your Stock.

I shall keep on my farm, (known as the John Lampson farm) one pure blood Bull for service. Terms to warrant, $1, payable at time of service. All cows served will be considered with calf.

EVANDER BROWN.

Augusta, Feb. 5th, 1874. 3m11

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Cross Hill, March 2, 1874. WARREN PERCIVAL. 14tf

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Augusta, June 21, 1873. 30tf

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THE Superintending School Committee of Windsor, will be in session at the

School House in Windsor Corner,

Saturday, the 9th day of May, and on Saturday, the 23d of May, for the purpose of examining teachers for the Summer Schools.

JOSEPH COLBURN, O. A. PIERCE, W. H. PIERCE, } Superintending School Committee of Windsor.

Windsor, April 23d, 1874. 2t22

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Freedom Notice.

I HEREBY relinquish to my son, William N. Davis, his minority, and after this date, shall claim none of his wages, nor be responsible for any debts or his contracting. WILLIAM V. DAVIS.

Attest: M. E. DAVIS.

Jackson Brook, April 20, 1874. 3t22